MONSIGNOR WILLIAM BARRY MEMORIAL LIBRARY
BARRY UNIVERSITY
DP43 .O413
Olague, Ignacio. 010101 000
This is Spain. Translated with
0 2210 0064097 1

DP
43
.O413

Olague
This is

31205

Barry College Library
Miami, Florida

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2023 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/thisisspain0000olag

THIS IS SPAIN

POUR VOIR ET POUR COMPRENDRE
L'ESPAGNE

Published by Mayfe
Madrid, 1952

IGNACIO OLAGÜE

THIS IS SPAIN

Translated with an Introduction by

Walter Starkie

Barry College Library
Miami, Florida

PHILADELPHIA
DUFOUR EDITIONS
1960

Library of Congress Catalogue
Card Number: 60-10056

Made and printed in Great Britain

DP
43
.O413
31205

CONTENTS

	Page
INTRODUCTION	9
I. PRACTICAL ADVICE FOR THE TRAVELLER What you must not do What you must not believe	21
II. GEOGRAPHY	32
III. HISTORY Pre-History and Antiquity The Middle Ages The Age of Maritime Discovery The Counter-Reformation The Crisis of the Nineteenth Century	41
IV. ART Literature Andalusian Art Romanesque Art Gothic Art The Renaissance and Baroque The Prado Museum	67
V. THE PLEASURES OF TRAVEL Eating and Drinking Regional Cookery Music and Dances The Basque Game of Pelota	80
VI. THE BULLFIGHT	97

VII. Popular Festivals 117
Holy Week
The Fair at Seville
San Fermín at Pamplona
The Mystery of Elche
The Regattas at San Sebastian

VIII. A Little Memorandum 138
The Basque Country
The Atlantic Coast
The Meseta
Madrid
The Surroundings of Madrid
On the Road to the North and South
Andalusia
The Mediterranean Coast
Aragon

Glossary 165

A Short Traveller's Library 167

Map of Spain *at end*

ILLUSTRATIONS

(between pages 96 and 97)

The Escorial and a bit of Castile
'The Christ of Great Power', by Juan de Mesa
A view of Ronda
The Old Cathedral, Salamanca
Village of Polensa, Majorca
Holy Week procession, Seville
Dancing a sevillana
The big square at Ecija
Horseshoe arch near Burgos
'Elegant, rhythmic passes'
The matadŏr faces the bull
Moorish influence
The Court of Lions in the Alhambra
Convent of the Conception, Toledo
Sierra country, near Gerona
A byway in Santander
In the Santa Cruz quarter, Seville
Andalusian horsedealer
The Gypsy King of Granada
Feast of San Fermín, Pamplona

Certain photographs are reproduced by kind permission of the Spanish State Tourist Department.

INTRODUCTION

When the great Montaigne was once asked why he travelled, he replied: ' I know well what I am fleeing from, but not what I am in search for.' Such a reply might with far greater justice be made by the traveller of today who, though in fancy he has built many a castle in Spain, finds himself plagued with doubts the moment he crosses the frontier.

To this man, be he, as Sterne would say, one of the

Simple Travellers,
Inquisitive Travellers,
Lying Travellers,
Proud Travellers,
Splenetic Travellers,

or Sentimental Travellers, who have as much *besoin de voyager* as any of the others, Señor Olagüe's book will be a boon, and if, following the advice given by Aristophanes to his audience, he preserves the ideas of the author carefully, as he keeps dried fruits in boxes, his garments shall smell odoriferous of wisdom throughout the year.

With Ignacio Olagüe as guide, philosopher and friend, travellers will get their eye full and their ear full, for, in addition to being a humanist and a scientist, he is a *flâneur* and a *gourmet* and believes, like Hazlitt, that the soul of a journey is liberty to think, feel, do just as one pleases. He will not hustle you, dear reader, for, as he tells you frankly, his object is to point out briefly the works of art and picturesque corners that might be unnoticed by the traveller who relies exclusively on one of the many excellent guide books that exist, containing information of all the most important places in the various

regions of Spain. Remember that as philosopher and friend he will always gild the Baedekerian pill with many an anecdote, legend or historiette drawn from the treasures of his mind, for in Madrid life he is known as a *causeur*, and conversation, as the Greeks would say, is an *eranos*, a contribution-feast, not an entertainment provided by a single host. And the glory of such contribution-feasts is that the host should by no means be allowed to pass unchallenged. So when Don Ignacio, your Spanish host, converses with you, dear reader, his remarks will at times provoke you and spur you on to challenge him when he points out in his good-humoured way the prejudices of your fellow-countrymen, whether as historians, travel-writers, bullfight-fanciers, or *flamenco* experts, on the subject of Spain. Conversation with a thoughtful friend often becomes dialogue leading to conversion, and before you arrive at the end of your journey you will find yourself agreeing with many of Don Ignacio's apparent paradoxes, for he does in this small book clear away a number of misconceptions on such subjects as the so-called Arab Invasion, the Inquisition, the eighteenth century, and the cause of Spain's marked decline economically in the nineteenth century.

Don Ignacio is challenging, because he writes not only as a historian but also as a trained biologist and palaeontologist, and he takes the Spanish historians of the nineteenth century severely to task for having blindly followed the foreign doctrinaire Liberals with their prejudiced notions of Spain's *Leyenda Negra* (Black Legend), and the consequent decadence in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

No matter how challenging he may be in his statements, he is always stimulating and, like a true Spaniard, he appreciates all the different manifestations of his country, whether in art, in dancing, in bullfighting or in the more material pleasures to be discovered in the inns and taverns. He will never let you

forget that he is a Basque, and I firmly believe that a great deal of his European outlook is coloured by his consciousness of belonging to that mysterious race which sits like a giant astride the Pyrenees, with one leg in Spain and the other in France. I imagine, however, that his idea of Europe is the same as that of the celebrated Basque novelist Pio Baroja. I asked Don Pio once why he called himself an Arch-European. 'Because I am a European of the Pyrenees', said he, 'and at times I think that the Alps and the Pyrenees are the only European part of Europe. Above them I seem to see Asia and below them Africa.' And Olagüe, like Don Pio Baroja, does not like great states, great captains, great gods. They are for people who dwell in plains watered by rich rivers, such as the Germans and the French. As a European of the Pyrenees and the Alps he loves small states, small rivers and small gods whom he may address familiarly.

A foreigner when he travels through Spain is always struck by the marked diversity of the inhabitants of the different regions. Whereas the Basques and Aragonese appear tough, honest and obstinate, the Galicians on the contrary seem melancholy, self-centred and unfathomable and remind him of the Irish. The Castilians are solemn and dignified, as though they were visited from time to time by the ghost of Spain's national hero, the Cid Campeador. They are the antithesis to hustling Catalans in whom thrift goes hand in hand with ostentation, or the Valencians and Murcians who are sceptical and fanatical by turns and full of artistic talent. As for the Andalusians of the South, they fascinate by their boundless imagination, their *gracia* and their sense of humour.

'In Spain', said Richard Ford in 1845, 'we fly from the dull uniformity, the polished monotony of Europe, to the racy freshness of an original, unchanged country, where antiquity treads on the heels of today, where Paganism disputes the very

altar with Christianity, where indulgence and luxury contend with privation and poverty, where ignorance and erudition stand in violent and striking contrast.' Spain today has made an astonishingly rapid advance in what is termed modern civilization. Her roads are excellent, her services by Talgo train, bus or plane are efficient, her hotels, *pensions* and tourist *paradores* are comfortable and moderate in price, but these modern comforts have not killed her soul. Spain is still a country for the adventurous traveller, who may even feel the same thrill as the Manchegan Knight when 'one morning before day, in the greatest heat of July, without acquainting anyone with his design, with all the secrecy imaginable . . . he sallied out of the private door of his back-yard into the fields, wonderfully pleased to see with how much ease he had succeeded in the beginning of his enterprise'.

Spain is one of the countries of Europe that still preserve a genuine brotherhood of the road. The simple traveller who trusts himself to Shank's mare, or as the Spaniards say, Saint Francis's mule, will not suffer from loneliness on the roads in La Mancha or Andalusia, for the *arrieros* or muleteers, the lorry drivers, the frankly picaresque adventurers will welcome him as they would a confederate.

In Spanish trains the traveller may make even more valuable friendships than upon the road, for the simple reason that country folk consider railway travelling a pleasant adventure varying the monotony of their lives. As soon as they enter a train they become vivacious and sociable, treating the railway carriage as their club. They are not pressed for time – what is Time in Spain – the moving shadow of Eternity? And so the local train puffs and snorts along at ten miles an hour. We arrive at a little station and halt for a quarter of an hour. 'Why do we stop so long?' asks the simple traveller, 'nobody in the train is getting off at this station.'

'*Amigo*', answers his Spanish friend, 'how do you expect that woman in the station *cantina* to live? She must sell her bottles of *gaseosa* (lemonade), her glasses of wine, her sardine and salami sandwiches and her water-melons. Besides, how do you expect anybody to travel in trains without stretching his legs from time to time? So let us all get down and have a *copita*.'

Even when travelling by automobile one may still meet personalities worthy of the author of *Don Quixote*.

One day in 1935, when I was on a lonely mountain expedition on foot from Loja to Malaga, the gods were propitious and I was given a seat in the car of a generous traveller. Our drive was uneventful. We only stopped once at the top of the steep Cuesta de la Reina, which descends to the coast at Malaga. Our reason for stopping was that in the deserted mountain-side I saw a small inn which bore the intriguing name 'Venta de la Nada' (The Inn of Nothing), printed in very large letters over the entrance. I was determined to find the origin of such a strange name. The inn was an oasis in a deserted rocky waste. It was small but it contained everything a traveller could possibly need – petrol pump, tyres, tools, cigarettes and cigars, and at the back there was an electric mill in full activity.

'Why do you call the inn "The Inn of Nothing"?' said I to the landlord.

'Because everything you see here was created out of nothing', replied the innkeeper.

'How is that possible?'

He then told me that eleven years ago he had been a *guardia de fincas* – the kind of poor wretch who frightens away birds and dogs, no better in fact than a scarecrow.

'I went hungry', said he, 'forty weeks of the year and so did my children. Then I sat down one day in a field and thought

it all over. Why not try and make money? So I started to hawk meat round to the villages. I used to carry the pig on my shoulder. Then with my savings I bought a little ass and that eased my back. After I put by some more savings and bought a mule. I was getting on, for as well as the mule I had my little donkey. Soon I had two mules; then one day I bought a motor-car. I was already a capitalist, so I laid the foundation of this inn. I thought over things. I was determined to move with the times. None of your windmills – they're fit for a *chiflado* like Don Quixote or an ignorant lout like Sancho Panza. Well, here I am with my inn and my electric mill. It is I who do all the milling for miles around. It's a fine plant – the latest in the market with all the gadgets. Yes, Señor, it came out of nothing.'

'You must be a proud man', said I.

'I'm not proud, Señor, and I'll tell you why. In the old days, when I hadn't a centime, I was as sound in wind and limb as anyone in Andalusia. Hardship never meant anything to me. But as soon as I had built the whole business and could pay for physic and doctors, I found I was a sick man. They said I had a disease called diabetes and they gave me a stuff called insulin which costs its weight in gold. I'm not complaining, mind you. It's all the same in the long run. When I hadn't a centime in my purse I tightened my belt and I went hungry. Nowadays I have enough money to buy myself a royal banquet every day of the week, but I'm not allowed to eat and so I'm just as hungry as I was in the past.'

All travellers have borne tribute to the quiet dignity and stoicism of the Spaniard, and the inquisitive traveller will find such qualities in the traditional inhabitants of the Castilian *meseta* if he only turns aside from the big cafés and makes for the taverns where he will be able to meet the inner society of the village. No traditional dried branch is hung up over the

the door to attract the thirsty villager. When the stranger enters such a tavern he has difficulty in seeing the assembled *tertulia* or gathering, so dark is the room, for a Castilian tavern is built on the cellar or catacomb principle, as a refuge from the sun that beats down on the streets. In the dark cellar sit a group of men with *boinas* or else black broad-brimmed hats on their heads. Not a word is said, but the *porrón* of wine is passed from hand to hand. The *porrón* is a squat-bellied glass vessel with a long spout, and each man in turn holds it up to his mouth without letting his lips touch the spout. All the village worthies are there: the chandler, the grocer, the saddle-maker, the tailor and the cobbler. They all gaze at the stranger without saying a word. Many questions, I am sure, are on the tips of their tongues, but they possess too much Castilian dignity to give way to mere curiosity. It is generally the woman behind the counter who breaks down the barriers, for woman in Castile is allowed the privilege of indiscretion. She will question the inquisitive traveller unmercifully, and as he answers, all the silent men gaze at him, summing him up, weighing him in the balance, testing him by all the laws of man and beast. At length he is found acceptable, and the saddle-maker, a portly man with red face and grey hair, like an aged, prosperous Sancho Panza, makes place beside the stranger and the *porrón* is passed to him.

No people in the world possess more courtly manners than the Castilian peasant, and he has transmitted this courtliness to the whole Hispanic world and to the Spanish language, which incidentally is known as *el Castellano*. It is for this reason that foreigners should not only speak Spanish but also memorize a few stock phrases which belong to the traditional Castilian etiquette. When entering a dining-room in an inn or a railway compartment where people are eating, it is necessary to say: '*Que aproveche*', otherwise you will be con-

sidered lacking in good manners and someone will murmur: '*no tiene educación*', (he has no manners). *Educación* in Spain does not, as in English, denote book learning but means good breeding. If you are travelling in a third-class carriage you will find yourself witnessing what Homer would have called an *eranos* or contribution-feast, for everyone extracts from his battered case portions of garlic-scented salame, hard-boiled eggs, *chorizo* or sausage, and bread. It is not "good education' to start eating without saying to your fellow-travellers, '*¿Gustan Uds.?*' This is purely a formal invitation which they will never dream of accepting and they will reply automatically, '*que le aproveche a Vd.*' If the stranger has no food he will be pressed to partake of the contribution-feast, for hospitality in Spain is a sacred duty and the Castilians express this by the proverb *bocado comido no hace amigo*, meaning that if a man eats all the provender by himself he can expect to have few friends.

And talking of third-class railway carriages reminds me that I have a little bone to pick with my friend, Ignacio Olagüe. He warns travellers against the *tren mixto* or mixed train, and I would agree with him in the case of Vain or Splenetic Travellers. But if he is dealing with Inquisitive or Simple Travellers I would dissent and say to the latter: 'The *tren mixto*, gentlemen, is a unique institution and one to be recommended to the contemplative traveller who has left his watch at home. It is one of the great contributions to the Spanish philosophy of life, but, alas, its beneficial lessons are not understood by the great band of globe-trotters or the vain and splenetic travellers. If I were a powerful statesman in Great Britain or the United States, I would make an arrangement with the Spanish Government whereby all speed aces and road hogs should be sent to Spain for a few months to undergo a course of 'mixed trains'. The Spanish Govern-

ment should supply them with third-class kilometric tickets.

'What is a kilometric ticket?' they would ask.

A kilometric ticket enables you to buy at will so many thousand kilometres of Spain. It is a document duly signed and stamped with your photograph in the corner, like a passport. You then become a kilometric vagabond, and there is a subtle thrill in presenting the brown passport with its countless little coupons at the station ticket office for the clerk to tear off the kilometres. As your lengthy wandering progresses, the land of Spain seems to flutter away in a trail of tiny scraps of paper, as though you were laying a paper-chase.

Don Ignacio frowns at me with disapproval, and he threatens me with a wigging from the Dirección General del Turismo. For this reason I shall reserve my 'mixed train' invitation for the adventurous traveller searching for the austere Spaniard whose hard and rigid sobriety in all things the ancient Roman historian, Trogus Pompeius, described in the words *dura omnibus et adstricta parsimonia.*

Ignacio Olagüe pays tribute to the State-run inns of the Dirección General del Turismo and I would enthusiastically endorse his statements. Having visited most of them on repeated occasions during the past fourteen years, I am quite sure that no more comfortable way of seeing the essential Spain could be devised than to make a tour of Spain using these *paradores* as centres. There are now fourteen of them and they are placed at strategic places throughout the country. Thanks to the vision and practical initiative of the former Director-General of Turismo, Don Luis Bolin, many of the *paradores* were built within famous castles, monasteries, and palaces. At Ciudad Rodrigo, for instance, 61 miles beyond Salamanca and 20 miles from the Portuguese frontier at Fuentes de Oñoro, the medieval castle of Henry II has been converted into a baronial residence where travellers may

evoke memories of the Duke of Wellington who fought there one of the most important battles of the Peninsular War against Marshal Soult. At Mérida the scholar and archaeologist interested in Roman remains may live in dignified comfort in a *parador* adapted from an ancient monastery, which at one time had been a halting-place of the Duke and his troops. And perhaps the most attractive of all is the *Parador de San Francisco* in the Alhambra, built within the outer walls of the little monastery where Queen Isabella and Ferdinand were buried until the Royal Chapel in Granada Cathedral was completed.

In addition to these buildings of historic interest the Tourist authorities have built modern inns at such strategic places as Bailen, 185 miles south of Madrid at the point of intersection where the road to Granada branches off from the main road for Cordoba and Seville; at La Bañeza in the province of Leon, on the main road from Madrid to La Coruña; at Quintanar de la Orden, 75 miles south of Madrid on the road to Alicante and Cartagena; at Aranda de Duero on the main Madrid-San Sebastian road, 100 miles north of the capital and about 180 from the French frontier.

Owing to the efforts of Señor Luis Bolin and his successor, the Duke of Luna, Spanish hotels have improved out of all recognition in recent years and these two pioneers have even managed to set a standard for the humbler *pensions* and *fondas*.

The exchange rate at present (March 1954) is 109 pesetas to the pound and 39 pesetas to the dollar.

When we realize that 180 pesetas a day with full *pension* is the average charge by the luxury hotels, the charge for the State-run *paradores* and *albergues* of 145 pesetas with full *pension* (75 pesetas for room only) is moderate, for there is a high standard of comfort and efficient, courteous service for

motorists in all these State-run centres which are classified as 1a.

Below these the system of hotel classification is as follows:

Class 1b 110 pts. a day with all meals; 50 pts. for room only.

Class 2 85 pts. a day with all meals; 35 pts. for room only.

Class 3 65 pts. a day with all meals; 25 pts. for room only.

Pensions (luxury) 85 pts. a day with all meals; 35 pts. for room only.

Pensions (first class) 65 pts. a day with all meals; 25 pts. for room only.

To all these prices we must add 15 per cent of the total for service.

When I discussed with Sr. Olagüe on one occasion the enormous influx of foreign visitors to Spain, I asked him why he did not write a small book which would prepare the minds of those Europeans who were eager to catch a glimpse of the spirit of modern Spain. This little book would become their pocket companion and, in addition to portraying the outer mask which Spain shows to the world, would also suggest the eternal forces that seethe beneath in that pentagonal island set at the junction of two continents.

The result was the present volume, which in the name of the author we offer to the English-speaking public, in the hope that it will draw closer together the two races upon whom the peace of the world eventually rests.

WALTER STARKIE

Madrid, 1953

I

PRACTICAL ADVICE FOR THE TRAVELLER

If you are the owner of a motor-car and have provided yourself with a charming travel companion you may follow the advice of the learned Montaigne, who once defined travel as the art of rubbing and filing our brains in contact with those of others – especially if you are contemplating a journey to Spain. I do not say that Spaniards are more attracted than other nations towards the owner of an automobile, but the possession of one is indispensable in a country which the Creator has built on inclined planes, to be the despair of railway engineers and cyclists. Seeing that Spain is the most mountainous country in Europe and has been divided by nature into regions which are extraordinarily differentiated from one another, the motorist has a great advantage over the traveller who is cooped up in a train, for he can more easily note the difference between province and province and he may halt wherever he likes and meditate on the changes brought about by history. Furthermore, his rapidity of movement will enable him to reach many fascinating places that are out of reach for the traveller by train. On the other hand, he may more easily fall into the temptation of trying to see everything, with the result that he will return home with his head a mass of confused notions, and he will regret not having followed the advice of the wise Montaigne, for he will find himself just as much of a dolt as he was before he set out on his travels. The great disadvantage of motor travelling is that it

does not predispose to meditation and rarely to conversation. In this respect railway travellers are in a more advantageous position, and likewise pedestrians, if they have strong feet and have not overburdened their rucksacks, and if they are able to scorn the main roads and select the traditional byways and mule tracks, which are more attractive and often much shorter.

British and Commonwealth visitors to Spain by land, sea or air require visas, which may be obtained on application at a fee of 25s. from the Spanish Consulate General, 21 Cavendish Square, London, W1, from the Spanish Consulates in Liverpool and Southampton or (in the case of citizens of Eire) from the Spanish Embassy in Dublin. Motorists must be in possession of International Driving Permits, issued by the Royal Automobile Club and the Automobile Association, which will deal with all the formalities governing the entry of motor-cars and motor-cycles into Spain, as into other European countries, and will provide the necessary customs and other official documents. In addition to the travel allowance of foreign currency, at present (March 1954) £50 for an adult and £35 for a child, a car owner may claim £25 to cover running expenses. At present petrol costs about the same in Spain as in Great Britain.

Having made his choice of cross-Channel service* and decided his route through France to the Spanish frontier, the motorist may plan his tour through Spain with ease owing to the excellent Michelin or Firestone road maps. And as the Spanish State Tourist Department has wisely established charming inns (*paradores*) in strategic positions with all modern comforts, he may plan rationally, avoiding too long runs.

* A possible alternative is a passage by sea to Gibraltar. There are also steamship services, not very frequent and with limited accommodation, to various Spanish ports.

British passengers by rail will normally travel via Paris on the direct route to Irún, for San Sebastian, Madrid and the South, or to Port Bou, for Barcelona and the Costa Brava. By 'Talgo' train (for which a supplement is charged) Madrid is within twenty-one hours of Paris. Barcelona can be reached in eighteen. British tourists may pay in sterling for a return railway ticket to the furthest point of their itinerary in Spain, breaking their journey once. In certain circumstances 'kilometric tickets' may also be paid for in sterling in advance through a travel agency. These tickets are issued for distances ranging from 3,000 to 12,000 kilometres, and substantial discounts, varying with the distance, are allowed. The purchaser has to provide a photograph, which makes the ticket non-transferable, though the coupons may be used by two or more members of the same party.

The quickest, easiest and, all things considered, not the most expensive way of reaching Spain or Majorca is by air. British European Airways, Air France and Iberia Air Lines all operate very frequent services.

By air Madrid and Barcelona are about four hours from London, and Seville six.

Numerous motor-coach tours of Spain (particulars of which may be obtained from any travel agency) are run by British companies, and some of these include rail travel for part of the journey. The principal towns throughout Spain are linked by cheap and excellent bus services, and in recent years round trips by luxury coaches, operated under the auspices of the Spanish State Tourist Department, have provided an easy means of visiting most parts of the Peninsula. The British tourist should, however, remember that he will have to pay for these latter trips in foreign currency. Advice and information may be had gratis at the Tourist Department agencies in all the more important towns.

All guide books recommend tourists to visit Spain in the spring and in the autumn. The months of May and June display the country in all the splendour of the harvest which has not yet been garnered.

The autumn, on the other hand, is a contrast and its sun-baked fields and spaces, ochre in colour after the cutting of the harvest, stretch limitless up to the foot of the snow-coloured sierras. The colours of Castile, immortalized by the palette of El Greco, fascinate the travellers from western countries.

Travellers, therefore, should plan their journeys according to the seasons. As the greater part of the Peninsula is situated on the summit of a high plateau called the *Meseta* (diminutive of *mesa*, a table), where the winters are very severe, it is best to visit in these months the Mediterranean coasts where the climate is soft, and the tourist will be able, at his ease, to proceed by that ancient route to the south of Andalusia, to Malaga and Cadiz. In the spring, after crossing the Pyrenees frontier, he may pass on rapidly towards the south and take part in the Easter Week processions or the Fair at Seville, and later on return slowly towards the north, in this way avoiding the great heat.

During the summer it is more interesting to visit the picturesque Atlantic coast with its innumerable beaches. The traveller will enjoy the incomparable panoramas of Galicia where the sea penetrates inland through *rías* or fjords that recall Norway. Here he will enjoy a pleasant climate in fertile glens that will remind him of Scotland or Ireland, and he can camp in out-of-the-way spots and devote himself to bathing or yachting in the bays of the north-western coast. After August 20th he may proceed to the Meseta and reach Madrid, for the west wind has diminished the heat and freshened the climate. The month of September and the first fortnight of October are the best for visiting Aragon and Catalonia. The

Costa Brava and Majorca are favourite resorts for those who like to lie on sunny beaches and go for boating excursions, or else devote themselves to underwater fishing. In recent years the Spanish hotel industry has developed considerably and first-class hotels are to be found in the important towns. We should, however, make special reference to the more moderately priced hotels, and it is true to say that one may always find adequate accommodation at reasonable prices. It is best to book rooms well in advance during the holiday seasons and we would stress the value of using in cases of emergency the telephone, charges for which are reasonable in Spain.

WHAT YOU MUST NOT DO

Do not try to rush in your car through Spain in a week from north to south, in breathless haste. Spain is nearly as big as France. What would you think of a tourist who in a few days tried to visit Biarritz, Nantes, Brest, Cherbourg, Metz, Paris, Chamonix, the Riviera and still believed that he had the leisure to admire Mont Saint-Michel, Chartres, Rheims, Moissac and Les Eyzies? In any case, the mountains of Spain and its difficult communications make progress slower even with a powerful car.

Do not estimate your journeys on the map under the illusion that the country is flat. Wonderful roads circle the coasts of Spain but they follow the same lines as the mountains, some of which, like the Sierra Nevada at Granada, are even higher than the Pyrenees. These roads are full of dangerous curves, and the sharp turns will end by giving you an attack of vertigo.

You must not turn up at hotels and restaurants at twelve or at seven o'clock for meals. There is at least one and a half hours'

difference between England and Spain as regards meal times, and in Madrid the difference is even greater. This, mind you, in ordinary middle-class life, which is that of the tourist. Peasants and workmen follow different hours which vary according to season and according to province. When spring appears – a short season, by the way – the heat, which often starts early, would make the English time-table uncomfortable in the Spanish climate. Spaniards, moreover, are accustomed to have a siesta in the afternoon, for this enables them to go to bed late at night and thus devote to active life the most agreeable moments of the day, whether in the morning, in the late afternoon, or in the early hours of the night.

Do not walk about the big towns in shorts. The people who are working and are not, like you, on holiday, look at you with a critical, not to say an envious, eye, for they are suffering the heat wearing hard collars and long trousers.

Do not visit churches in such summary attire. Rules against this exist in all the Catholic churches in Christendom. Do not be surprised if the door is shut in your face when you arrive dressed in this way. Do not make the mistake of thinking that one may go everywhere in the same costume. To carry as one's only luggage a beach suit is as ridiculous as to take only a dinner jacket. A church is not a museum, even though it contains wonderful works of art. It is a sanctuary of prayer and meditation, and for this reason the clergy insist that people should visit it decently dressed. Women must wear something on their head. If they have no hat or mantilla, a simple handkerchief will suffice.

Do not overdo sunbathing. As the sun is much stronger than in England, you may much more easily catch sunstroke and

burn your skin in such a way that grave complications may occur. Above all, take special precautions the first days and do not attempt to sunburn yourself in a few hours.

Do not, in summer, spend the early hours of the afternoon in motor journeys. It is better to travel in the early morning or in the evening.

Do not give alms. For a long time a regular industry in begging has been rife and attempts are made to exploit Christian charity. Tourists are looked upon by beggars as sure prey unless the police are standing by.

Do not give tips in cafés, restaurants or in hotels (except to porters and messengers). Do not give them to taxi-drivers, for the tip is included in the fare you pay. The only exception is in bars and naturally in cases where you are given special service.

Do not ever take trains which are marked 'correos' or 'mixtos', unless when absolutely necessary. These trains are slow and stop at every station.

If you visit the North of Spain in summer do not forget to take with you, even in a heat wave, strong shoes and a waterproof in case of rain on the Atlantic coast, and bring warm clothes for Castile, for owing to its altitude the temperature may suddenly drop.

WHAT YOU MUST NOT BELIEVE

That you have only to plant trees for them to grow. If it does not rain, northern plants cannot ever strike root. Native plants adapt themselves to prevalent conditions and produce stunted growths, for they have to do on very little water. Do not thus imagine that it is so easy to transform a steppe into an orchard.

That certain territories in Castile are deserts. This illusion arises owing to the stretches of burnt stubble left after the harvests and the system of dry farming. It is, however, natural that in a country of steppes the production should be inferior to that obtained in land extensively irrigated.

That the Arabs invaded Spain. Arabia was already a desert in the eighth century. It was consequently only very thinly populated and so unable to supply the masses capable of invading nations as far distant as Spain and India. On the other hand, drought had reduced to sandy deserts the ancient territories of Cyrenaica and Libya, thus blocking the passage of great armies or the advance of an emigrating population. For this reason at a later date the advance of the Turks moved in a different direction. Finally, a nation does not become converted in an instant to another civilization. The attraction felt by the Spaniards for Arabian culture was based upon Arianism, which dominated Spain for three centuries. And this slow evolution followed the same course in the Iberian Peninsula, in Hindustan, in the North of Africa and in Asia Minor. Nevertheless, the Iberian Peninsula suffered various Berber invasions, which were repelled at a later date. Moroccans crossed the Straits of Gibraltar, synchronizing their raids with the action of the climate – a phenomenon which has been carefully studied, and which drives nomadic tribes to invade the lands of sedentary agricultural peoples at moments of famine caused by drought. In other words, it is more in accordance with reality to explain the Arab invasion as an era of revolutions due to social and religious causes. The hordes conquered by Charles Martel must have been people from the South such as the Basques or Gascons, and the famous battle of Roncevaux must be reduced to a petty skirmish between a patrol overcome in a pass by shepherds of Navarre who held the heights.

That the Inquisition was a Spanish institution. There was no Inquisition in Spain in the Middle Ages. In order to face a national crisis the Catholic monarchs followed the example of other European nations; they chose this course on account of the anarchical situation caused by the contest between the various cultures which existed side by side in the Peninsula – the Andalusian, the Jewish and the Christian. The Andalusian and the Jewish had reached their peak point in the twelfth century and were in open decline in the fourteenth century, thus enabling the Northern Christians to expand towards the South. Spain lacked the sense of cultural unity that existed in Western Christendom at that time, and this situation became very dangerous when the Turks appeared in the Mediterranean. Hence the process of Christian assimilation, which up to then had been operating slowly and tenaciously, at once became accelerated. The fall of Constantinople took place in 1453; the decree setting up the Inquisition was proclaimed in 1480.

That the Inquisition was instituted to persecute Jews and Moors. The Inquisition was an ecclesiastical tribunal possessing jurisdiction only over Catholics and could not properly intervene in the affairs of other religions. Many Jews and Moors, however, during the long process of assimilation lasting several centuries had openly been converted to Christianity but still observed their ancient religious practices in secret. The Inquisition was instituted to deal with such abuses.

That the Spaniards are as intolerant as they are made out to be in certain quarters. When you visit the ancient mosque at Cordoba do not believe the erroneous opinion held by many travellers ignorant of history, who ascribe to Spanish intolerance the fact that their ancestors sacrificed a certain number of the

Moorish colonnades in order to superimpose a Gothic cathedral. We should remember that it was only in the nineteenth century that mankind began to understand the atmosphere and history of the past and thus to respect what had been created by former ages. Do not expect the people of the sixteenth to possess a historical consciousness which only became current in the nineteenth century. Besides, although it was Charles V who despotically ordered the transformation of the ancient mosque, the general tolerant attitude of the people subsequently prevented the entire destruction of that incomparable monument.

That the expulsion of Jews and Moors was the cause of the decadence of Spain. This decadence only took place at a much later date and was the result of a number of extremely complex causes. The number of Jews and Moors assimilated reached millions. Only a small minority was expelled.

That the discovery of America was the result of chance. The era of maritime discovery was the outcome of progress in mathematics which began in the Alexandrian schools, when Eratosthenes measured the terrestrial circumference to within 48 miles. During all the Middle Ages the Spaniards developed algebra, discovered the resolution of spherical triangles and the new arithmetic based upon Arab numerals and the zero, which was ignored by the ancients but is learnt today by children at school. In this way, the calculation of longitude and latitude and the preparation of maps, nautical apparatus, and the publication of books on navigation enabled enterprising navigators to explore the ocean. And as they could guide themselves at midday or at night by the North Star, they knew where they were and consequently where it was possible for them to go.

That the Inquisitors burnt Protestants by thousands. The number of victims burnt in *autos de fé* does not reach a hundred. The majority of the Inquisition judgments are extant and it has thus been possible to draw up statistics. Besides, this is not surprising as there were no Protestants in Spain. The few people who were victims were condemned more for their heterodox opinions, which were then considered prejudicial to the security of the state, than for genuine Lutheranism.*

That the Spaniards succumbed to indolence after the fall of the Roman Empire, an indolence that became accentuated owing to the so-called Arab invasion. Such is the explanation given in nearly all the textbooks. It was not for human reasons that the great mining enterprises which had given such renown to Southern Spain were abandoned. To give one example, we find at Río Tinto the fabulous figure of 20 million tons of residue from the minerals extracted and smelted during the Roman era. Then nothing more until the arrival of the English in the nineteenth century. But this long period of paralysis was due to a change which occurred in the climate. In ancient times there existed great forests which produced charcoal in sufficient quantities to enable the miners to smelt the pyrites. Owing to drought and the ensuing deforestation there was no more coal and the mines ceased to be exploited. When the English acquired the mines they brought with them the coal which was then non-existent in Spain.

* St. Teresa calls the task of the Inquisitors an 'angels' profession', and Philip II once exclaimed: 'Twenty clerics of the Inquisition keep my whole empire.'

Olagüe calls the Inquisition an efficient State police which was found absolutely necessary in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to curb the Mystical Illuminism derived from Moorish and Jewish sources which had grown up in Spain from the Middle Ages onwards. He discusses the problem fully in vol. 1, ch. 2, of his momumental work *La Decadencia Espanola*, (4 vols), Madrid, 1950. (Translator's note).

II

GEOGRAPHY

THE Iberian Peninsula has the shape of a bull's hide and it is thus that it is described traditionally. Rising from a pediment of ancient earth, the Meseta formed in the Tertiary Epoch a kind of irregular plateau, crevassed and worn by erosion, which in no way resembles a flat surface. There is only one plain in Spain, on the lower Guadalquivir in Andalusia. We may therefore say in general terms that Spain is the most mountainous country in Europe. The railway from Hendaye to Madrid has to cross three mountain ranges in three hundred miles: the Pyrenees to Otzaurte in Guipuzcoa, at 2,016 feet altitude; the Iberian Chain at La Brujula, before Burgos, at 3,081 feet, and finally the Sierra de Guadarrama, which belongs to the central range, at La Cañada, at 4,352 feet. The actual Meseta owes its present shape to the encircling mountain ranges which surround it with a kind of natural Chinese wall and prevent access to it. Hence the difficulty of communications, which is complicated by other transverse ranges: the Cantabrian mountains which prolong the Pyrenees towards the west along the sea coast; the Peniboetic range which dominates the Mediterranean and reaches the highest peak in Spain, Mulhacen (11,039 ft.), 328 feet higher than Pic d'Aneto in the Pyrenees; finally, the Central or Carpeto-Vettonic range which divides Castile in two, without counting the smaller mountains scattered here and there throughout the Peninsula.

Owing to its latitude we should expect Spain, which is

more southerly than France, to have a definitely Mediterranean climate, though a damper one seeing that it is on the Atlantic. But this is not so. The climate of Castile is strictly continental with a marked accentuation of dryness. This is due to orography, which upsets human calculations. In fact, there are two principal phenomena which must be borne in mind; otherwise it will not be possible to understand Spanish history or the actual mosaic pattern of the Spanish physical and cultural background.

In ancient times the last branch of the cyclone that descends from the polar regions and today skirts the Cantabrian Coast and the Pyrenees, watering abundantly the South of France, evidently used to penetrate into the Mediterranean far more to the south, through the Straits of Gibraltar. With the exception of the sunny eastern shores, the Iberian Peninsula had a damper and colder climate. The sierras were covered with great forests and snow was abundant. The North of Africa and Asia Minor, possessing as they did a copious rainfall, were much more fertile. Mesopotamia then became the granary of the Empire and the Sahara was a steppe that the Romans crossed on horseback. Hannibal could then invade Spain with his 'tanks', for his elephants lived naturally in Morocco and in Algeria. Then, as century followed century, for some obscure reason which science is beginning to understand more clearly, a slow transformation took place, and the cyclones began to appear more to the north and to abandon the Straits of Gibraltar. The Sahara began to dry up and become like a desert. By the eighth century the transformation had already taken place, and this physical phenomenon created conditions which favoured the expansion of Islam. The Western Mediterranean then witnessed the advance of a terrible holocaust, which already had long before burnt to cinders the forests of Turkestan, buried beneath the Aeolian sands the city of

Barry College Library
Miami, Florida

Babylon, brought ruin upon Arabia and Mesopotamia, devastated Cyrenaica, and was beginning to threaten the sierras and the high plateaux of Spain.

Then occurred the second decisive phenomenon, the result of the retreat of the cyclones towards the north, and the action of orography. When the tourist leaves San Sebastian to the east and follows the Pamplona road towards the mouth of the Ebro he becomes soon aware that the landscape has abruptly changed. Whereas the Basque coast, like all the Atlantic coast, has a copious rainfall – an annual average of 1,500 mm. – Pamplona, which is but a few kilometres from the sea as the bird flies, only has a rainfall of 750 mm., and immediately there begin the steppes of Aragon, which is one of the most arid zones of Spain where the rainfall only reaches 200 or 300 mm. The contrast between the two zones is all the more striking as it occurs within a distance of sixty miles. A traveller by air is even more impressed by the sudden change, for whereas the French side of the Pyrenees is green, the southern side is yellow. What has happened to change the verdant pastures into an ochre-coloured steppe?

Geographers are well aware that mountain chains, like a screen, prevent the passage of cyclones. The wind then skims the heights and cools the more distant districts, but its effect is to immobilize the clouds which gather on the summits and envelop the valleys. The cyclone, which is lacking in all humidity, will be a serious handicap to the populations below, for it will not bring them rain. In this way the most arid zones in the world are those which happen to be protected by great mountain ranges: like Tibet, which is entrenched behind the Himalayas. In the same way Aragon, which is encircled by the Cantabrian mountains and the Pyrenees, whose northern sides skim the clouds, is unable to receive the rain produced by the North Atlantic storms. Only from time to time during

the winter atmospheric disturbances take place off the Azores and the Peninsula is then entirely drenched by the cyclone mounting from the south. And so Aragon, which was so rich and fertile in the epoch of the Roman province of Tarraconensis, is now only able to produce meagre resources for its harvests and herds.

Thus orography with its slowly mounting cyclones towards the north has converted the Iberian Peninsula into a mosaic pattern of compartments extraordinarily differentiated one from the other. And as in the course of centuries the landscape has changed simultaneously with the appearance of civilizations unknown to the west, Spain has become a country where we meet the most striking contrasts, both as regards geography, archaeology, intellectual life and popular customs. The climate of Galicia resembles that of Norway, and at Corcubión there is a yearly rainfall of 2,400 mm. The Peninsula of Gata in the east, on the other hand, has quasi-desert vegetation and a rainfall of only 150 mm. Thus we find in Spain northern trees such as the pine and the beech and also tropical plants such as the palm and the sugar cane. Castile is the region where the most beautiful examples of Romanesque art are to be found in unexampled profusion; but a little to the south, at Toledo, we come across the wonderful monuments of Andalusian art which gave an original interpretation to Islam.

Each province of Spain – Galicia, Andalusia, Catalonia, Extremadura, the Basque country – preserves a special form of civilization and culture: language, customs, music, dances, cooking, drinks and games. And these particularities are all the more carefully preserved because orography made communications difficult, as in all mountain countries.

It is complicated and costly to construct railways, and steep mountain roads do not facilitate the transport of goods. As a

result certain regions found themselves in a position of disadvantage, and they have only been able to enter into contact with modern life since the motor engine was invented. The motor-car, the motor lorry and electricity are the causes of the great transformation that has taken place in this century. The same contrast is to be found in the distribution of population and agricultural products. The lands which are irrigated are extremely fertile. The *huerta* of Valencia brings in two to three harvests a year. In the steppe lands, on the other hand, one is never sure of being able to garner the harvest. Large and luxurious forests cover the slopes of the regions privileged by nature, such as the National Park in the valley of Ordesa and the pine woods of Balsaín. Nevertheless, the greater part of Spain is unwooded, and the axe of the woodcutter is not the only culprit, but above all the change of climate which has caused a struggle between different species – a struggle which resulted in the victory of the most favoured type. In the irrigated lands there is a great density of population (it may reach 1,500 to the square mile). But in the arid regions the average falls to fifty. We find in some parts of Spain little museum towns, but in other parts cities which in recent years have so expanded their development that one would imagine that they had been founded recently. Spain today has a population of 28 million: a population which is not too dense for the 190,000 square miles of the Peninsula. (We do not include the islands.) But certain mountain regions are practically deserted, and owing to the prolonged emigration, as a result of which Spanish America has been populated, it is evident that a great number of Spaniards, at least a third of the total, live abroad.

We may thus divide Spain into four geographical zones which are clearly demarcated. This division is extremely important.

Spain:	sq. m.	per cent
Humid zone	51,100	26.86
Semi-arid zone	74,100	38.58
Arid zone	61,800	32.59
Sub-desert zone	3,400	1.96

The northern zone, with its Atlantic climate, possesses similar vegetation to France. It is rich in cattle owing to its pasture land, but it is not as fertile agriculturally owing to its mountainous nature. The other zones possess great variety of landscape and consequently their agricultural resources depend on the possibilities of irrigation. Today there are 4,920,000 acres under irrigation. In normal times there is always a balanced output from the three zones, and this equilibrium enables Spain to be self-supporting, at least as far as the basic needs of food are concerned, for the smaller output from the lands of the arid zone is largely compensated by their intensive cultivation and by the superproduction from the irrigated lands. And so the agricultural imports (fertilizers and agricultural machinery) are offset by the export of fruits and primary products. In other words, where there is water there is wealth, and on that fact is based the economic and social life of the greater part of Spain. On many occasions in certain regions, during drought periods, water has fetched a greater price than wine. For this reason, in order to meet these primordial needs dams have been constructed even in the smallest rivers to canalize them and direct them towards the irrigation lands.

Spain has always been an essentially agricultural country with multiple products, and this has favoured the variety of ethnic types that are to be found there. This variety has been strangely accentuated not only by the different races that invaded the country – ancient Caucasian stock (Basques?), Iberians, Celts, Jews, Goths, Visigoths, Berbers – but also

because these races were amalgamated together in the natural regions of the Peninsula, though without ever becoming absorbed into one unity. We know today the fundamental part that has been played through the centuries by nutrition, the variety of agricultural products in relation with the climatology of the country, for it produced a human type capable of resisting the extremes of fatigue and exposure to an unheard-of degree, as is proved by the fabulous exploits of those who discovered and colonized America.

By a rare coincidence the mosaic pattern of the different regions of Spain and its agricultural products is also to be found in its mineral resources. Ever since the ancient days of Tartessus – which scholars situate near Cadiz, whither Solomon sent his ships to find the silver from the Sierra Morena – up to today, Spain has always exported minerals needed by the countries of the West: gold, silver, lead, copper, tin, iron, mercury, pyrites, etc. Some of the veins of minerals have been exhausted. Many years ago the gold nuggets disappeared from the rivers, though there still exists a small trade in them. The copper of Río Tinto and the *rubio* (best quality iron) of Bilbao have also declined, and numerous lead and silver mines have been abandoned. Nevertheless, other sources of wealth have been discovered, especially among the rarer metals. The extraction of wolfram has been greatly developed of late and Spain is still the greatest exporter of pyrites; and she produces still at Almaden 70 per cent of the mercury consumed in the world today. She thus possesses the greater part of the mineral wealth for her needs. Only in petrol is she lacking.

The Spanish people have always had a more or less flourishing industry which followed the ebb and flow of the centuries. Nevertheless, during the nineteenth century the country suffered a terrible setback. Possessing as she did the most ancient tradition in iron manufacture, the mining operations

and the production of charcoal from the great beech forests were formerly admirably developed by the inhabitants of Asturias and the Basque country, who used their waterpower to drive the mills. Spain then produced metal of excellent quality, and was able to export ingots up to the beginning of the Industrial Revolution, in great part owing to the discovery of coke. But after the early years of the nineteenth century Spain found herself unable to face the new competition, owing to her lack of cannel-coal, and the difficulty of extracting the metal from the earth prejudiced rapid and rational production. For this reason Spanish industry, which was deficient in driving power, fell behind. In the twentieth century, however, every branch of industry has advanced owing to the miracle of electricity. Vast dams have been constructed, and it is now possible to store more than 6,000 million cubic metres – an immense aid to agriculture and industry. Great enterprises have been started in the Pyrenees, in the valley of Noguera Ribagorzana, on the Sil in Galicia and on the Duero. Although the production of iron is still restricted (the maximum reached was three million tons in 1929) the advance of industry proceeds at an accelerated rhythm.

Due to a number of different causes, each one related with the other in complex fashion, Spain lost in the course of the nineteenth century the preponderating position she possessed formerly. The numerous crises provoked by the pulsations of the climate and the ruin of industry brought about the ruin of trade, which was aggravated by the loss of the colonies. Gone were the days when the barter at the Fair of Medina del Campo in Old Castile, under Philip II, was calculated at 150,000,000 crowns (a crown was a gold piece bigger than the ancient two-franc piece); gone were the days when at the end of the eighteenth century the port of Cadiz alone had a volume of

trade as great as that of England. In 1803, an exceptional year, due to the Peace of Amiens after a long war, the merchandise landed in the port of Cadiz reached the amount of 5,823,030,936 reals. The real was then worth more than the gold peseta.

After wealth came poverty; after strong government came an enfeebled policy. Nevertheless it would be erroneous to believe that the economy of Spain became, after the crises of the last century, reduced to the territory of the Peninsula. We must not forget that a third of the Spanish people live abroad, principally in America. As Spain has colonized and peopled the greater part of the New World, the family links and economic bonds with these countries beyond the seas are exceptionally firm. We must always have this present in our minds if we wish to understand Spain's past as well as present, and the trajectory of the future which is being created day by day before our eyes. Since numerous Spaniards or sons of Spaniards still hold a great part of the trade of Spanish America, the economic power of Spain is greatly increased thereby.

III

HISTORY

THE Iberian Peninsula has been inhabited since the Lower Palaeolithic era, at the dawn of the human race. Since those dim ages numerous civilizations have passed, some of them attaining in their evolution the highest degrees of human thought. For this reason Spanish history with its crises, its violent impulses and moments of expansion, is a study of exceptional significance, enabling us to understand the rhythmic force which caused societies to combine together and rise to a position of dominance, and afterwards decline in vitality, bequeathing to posterity the achievements they accomplished for human progress.

Spain's position geographically was an exceptional one. Set at the gates of Africa, her position today is merely strategic, but in former days it was of extreme importance, for not only did Northern Africa possess an autochthonous civilization of its own, but it also had established direct relations with Egypt and the Near East, the cradle of the human race. Western Europe, thus, until the sixteenth century learnt the novelties of civilization through Spain as the interpreter.

PRE-HISTORY AND ANTIQUITY

At the end of the last glacial period, between the twentieth and the twelfth millennium B.C., a race with well defined characteristics was scattered in small groups on the Cantabrian coasts. In intimate relations with their cousins of the Dordogne

they hunted the reindeer like the esquimaux of today, and they had an astonishing skill in reproducing it in their rock paintings. We see the most remarkable examples of this art in the celebrated cave of Altamira. A few thousand years later fresh emigrants from Africa settled on the eastern coast where, owing to orography and the retreat of the glaciers towards the north, the climate was soft and in violent contrast with that of the rest of the continent. By a strange coincidence those people possessed also astonishing talent as artists, and they decorated the caves in their rugged mountains with superb paintings. But whereas the artists in the north never represented the human figure, the decorators of the eastern coast reproduced their tribal scenes vividly and artistically.

With the rise in temperature the communications between these two centres of civilization became closer. During the former severe glacial eras the difficulty of establishing normal relations between the north and south of Spain must have been insurmountable. Now the population, aided by numerous supports from across the Straits, began to spread here and there throughout the Peninsula. Today scholars recognize amongst the newcomers groups of Caucasian race who spoke a strange language of pre-Aryan morphology, and left abundant toponymical remains. If this hypothesis is correct, these invaders must have been the ancestors of the actual Basques. This primitive language is known to us as the language of the Iberians through an important series of inscriptions. But unfortunately up to the present all efforts to translate them have been of no avail. These emigrants mingled with the more ancient races and acquired a certain homogeneity. They were the Iberians, and in their turn they encountered other emigrating races who came from the north, Celts who were the forerunners of the Alpine races moving southwards.

From the clash of these two races and after time had tamed their fierce warrior spirits, there arose the noble race blend of the Celtiberians who wrought such havoc among the Roman legions.

There is one important fact we should remember from these primitive times. There existed in Andalusia before the first millenary a powerful civilization which descends to us through the ancient tradition of Atlantis, the legends of Hercules and Geryon, and the myths of Plato. Even if we refuse to discuss these traditions as being too nebulous, we cannot refuse to recognize the arrival of the Phoenicians which occurred about the same period. We know how they established their marts and trading stations in the south of Spain. There were no doubts about their intentions. They were neither warriors nor colonizers, so in order to explain their presence there must have existed in the country a sufficiently developed civilization to enable the mineral wealth from the sierras to be cast, and gold, silver, tin, copper and bronze produced in sufficient quantity to allow for their exchange with the products manufactured in the East. That civilization, which is surmised rather than known, is still as much of a mystery as Tartessus, but one day the subsoil of the region of Cadiz may reveal it to us.

Soon the second wave of the Alpine race appeared in the Peninsula. They were the Greeks who followed the northern shore of the Mediterranean, and by their presence a millenary movement began which was to produce decisive consequences for the future of the human race. This millenary movement had begun with a lengthy prelude in the countries of Asia Minor, but for a long time the results were indecisive. The end of the movement, however, was played out on the territory of the Iberian Peninsula, and hence arose the gigantic rivalry between the Semitic and the Indo-European civiliza-

tions which faced one another after the arrival of the Hittites in the year 2000 B.C. The struggle prolonged itself indefinitely and produced many striking episodes. Then, in the advance of the Alpine races towards the west, these two elements again faced one another on Spanish territory after having been for a long time kept apart in their expansion by the Mediterranean Sea. Nevertheless, the subsequent history of the Peninsula would have no sense if one did not understand the significance of those first skirmishes between Semites and Aryans, contacts which were often brutal and bloodthirsty, but which in the long run produced many benefits, thanks to the slow penetrating powers governing the two systems of civilization. The relations between the Greeks and the Semites have left us one remarkable work of art which we may admire in the Prado, 'The Lady of Elche', a synthesis of Apollinean art and Carthaginian ornamentation. This statue symbolizes the part played by Spain throughout the centuries. Later on the West would inherit the fruits of this effort and, indeed, our own civilization depends upon it, for even the lessons taught us by the Greeks have reached us by the roundabout route of Andalusia, and this deviation lasted until the sixteenth century. The arrival of the Turks in the Mediterranean reduced to dust the remains of the Semitic nations, which were already exhausted by the withering drought. The naval battle of Lepanto thus closed the period which had begun when Greeks and Carthaginians came into contact on the eastern coast of Spain.

After the Greeks came the Romans. No one ignores the significance of the Punic Wars and the long struggle the Romans carried on to become the masters of Spain. It took the Proconsuls two hundred years to dominate, and Caesar had the good fortune to bring the war to its conclusion and pacify the whole country. But there is one point that should be borne

in mind. We shall fail to understand the history of Spain prior to the sixteenth century if we exaggerate our Western prejudices. Thanks to special conditions which were then in operation, the Peninsula became a world apart and the centre of an advanced civilization which did not exist anywhere else, except in the South of France which, owing to its close proximity, Spain absorbed in herself. The Peninsula, which was twice the size of Italy, was extraordinarily favoured by climatic conditions. (Europe generally was much colder and damper than today.) Agricultural fertility flourished because the humus, not yet eaten away by erosion, was newly supplied by the post-glacial forests, and the gigantic mining industries were the basic foundations of great economic power. The population grew by leaps and bounds owing to the influx of foreign races. Recent studies now enable us to affirm that the traditional belief which ascribed to the Peninsula in the heyday of Roman civilization a population of about sixty million is by no means exaggerated, as was formerly believed. Only the distribution of that population was in inverse ratio to that of today. Whereas Andalusia, the eastern coast and the mouth of the Ebro must have been overpopulated, the north was underpopulated. In the province of Tarraconensis, that is to say, in the basin of the Ebro, there were 293 independent municipalities, whereas in the three provinces of Gaul together, Aquitania, Lugdunensis and Belgica there were only sixty-four. On the other hand it is calculated that the residue or scrap today dating from the Roman era represents sixty million tons of mineral extracted and smelted. What a gigantic army of slaves, miners and charcoal burners must have been necessary to cast such a quantity of metal! And yet Río Tinto is but one of the sixty great mining enterprises that are known to have existed in Andalusia alone. According to the calculations based upon archaeological remains we may estimate that

these cities had approximately a million inhabitants: Tarragona, Emerita (Merida, whose reservoirs, which have lasted to our day, can still contain twenty million cubic metres of water), and Italica, the ancient Seville, which had among other buildings a circus holding 40,000 spectators.

Spain became so dominant a force in the Empire that she was able to impose a line of emperors, of whom the most celebrated was Trajan, a native of Seville. Her men of letters were numerous and illustrious; the most famous was Seneca, a native of Cordoba. And this privileged position increased more and more owing to the wars and the chaotic conditions which overwhelmed Italy and Asia Minor in the third century, at a moment when the latter country began to be harassed by the terrible change of climatic conditions. As Breasted justly remarks, the Iberian Peninsula became a kind of America for the Ancient World. At first a place of refuge, it became afterwards a land of promise. Finally, when the Empire fell, it happened that Rome was invaded by the Greek language which, by the mysterious workings of Providence, then accomplished its last and greatest expansion. In those days the Latin that was spoken in Spain was more elegant than that spoken in Italy, and historians and philologists agree that the dominant characteristic of Roman civilization in Spain was the supremacy of the city. Now city dwellers preserve greater elegance of speech than peasants, and thus we can explain the fact that in the later development of Romance languages Spanish is closer to Latin than the sister languages, even including Italian. The sediment of Roman civilization is so strong in Spain that, as we shall soon see, many survivals which later were attributed to Arabs or even to Spaniards simply belonged to the inheritance bequeathed by the admirable Roman civilization.

THE MIDDLE AGES

The fall of the Empire and the invasion of the Germanic races did not drag down in its wake the civilization of the Iberian Peninsula. No doubt the fifth century cannot be compared to the previous centuries, but though severe climatic changes caused a meteorological crisis which disturbed the whole region of the Mediterranean and brought drought to the basin of the Ebro, the catastrophe was not as disastrous as in the other Imperial provinces. Although the prosperity of the people diminished owing to the poor harvests, there was enough cohesion in the country to preserve its intellectual tradition intact and, moreover, the small number of Visigoths who entered the country must have become sufficiently romanized, seeing that they had wandered so far from their original base, and had travelled so slowly and by such a roundabout route. In any case, their influence was but an ephemeral one, and the words of Germanic origin which have been preserved in the Spanish language do not go beyond fifty.

Two facts must now be borne in mind if we would understand the subsequent events: the existence of the School of Seville under the dominant personality of Saint Isidore, who died at the beginning of the seventh century, and the expansion of Arianism.

The School of Seville inherited part of the teaching of the School of Alexandria, especially in the domain of astronomy and mathematics. Contrary to the Pythagorean interpretation of figures, it taught its students the material application of these subjects, and thus paved the way for the advance of science. The *Etymologies* of Saint Isidore, which were the epitome of his learning, became a veritable encyclopedia which was used by all the scholars of the Middle Ages. Thanks to his efforts the critical spirit of the Alexandrian School was

enabled to spread its light in the Dark Ages and transmit it to the Andalusian civilization of the tenth century, and later to the humanists of the Renaissance.

Arianism, a heresy which was rife in the Peninsula for three centuries, is of capital importance both from a political and a social point of view. The spread of Islam and the so-called invasion of the Arabs has no meaning unless we possess this key to the mystery. Arianism was monotheist, anti-trinitarian and sceptical concerning the divinity of Christ, whom it considered as a prophet, and it taught most of the ideas which were later attributed to Mohammedanism. It favoured polygamy, which became acclimatized in the Peninsula during the rule of the Visigoths from the sixth century onwards, and it created an atmosphere favourable to the spiritual crisis which was raging in the Eastern World, as though it was conscious that its end was at hand. And so these ideas not only found their devotees, but little by little increased their scope and multiplied a hundredfold. And in spite of the personality of Mahomet, which was at a later date exaggerated, owing to confessional reasons, these ideas became of greater importance from an intellectual rather than a strictly religious point of view. We must add that the masses of Cordoba in the eleventh century were still ignorant of the existence of the founder of Islam. We are thus unable to state definitely that the Saracen invasion of Spain at the beginning of the eighth century transformed the country in the same way as a scene is suddenly changed in the theatre. The change took place very slowly and we may calculate the period of transition to have lasted from the sixth to the tenth century. And, moreover, little by little, the undulating waves of the great renaissance of Hindoo, Persian and Arab civilizations reached the Spanish shore, often fitfully, as, for instance, by the arrival of a book of some well-known poet or scholar, but the influence continued for

many years and acted as the leaven in creating the new civilization.

In other words, thanks to her geographical situation and to the relations she maintained with the Near East through Africa, Spain followed the evolution of ideas which were current in all the southern nations of the Mediterranean basin. And as Arab civilization was then reaching its peak point, she underwent all its influence. Distance and the difficulty of communication were the reasons why the Mohammedan heresy little by little supplanted the former Arianism. In any case, the sceptical attitude was more or less general, and the majority of Spaniards were not familiar with the Koran and did not observe its tenets. In Andalusia, in those days, they drank as much sherry as they do today and the Andalusian poets, who wrote in Arabic, sang the praises of wine in as lyrical a vein as Anacreon had done in Greek days. The specialists all agree that, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries especially, the Islamism of the Andalusians was of a special kind, and that the influence of Christianity was nearly as important as that of Mohammedanism. Nevertheless, from an intellectual point of view we must pay heed to a very different tune.

Latin had fallen into a vulgar dialect, and even cultivated people could not read Virgil or Horace. In these conditions Arabic reached the peak point of classic perfection, and this, mark you, was at a moment when the lessons of the School of Alexandria were spreading their influence in all the Near East, from India to Syria, passing by way of Persia, with the result that the cultivated Spaniards saw in the Arabic language not only its own peculiar beauties but also considered it the one and only instrument which would enable them to absorb the culture which came from beyond the seas. The waves of expansion of Arabic spread through the Western Mediterranean, just as formerly Greek had been disseminated through

the prestige of the Alexandrian School. Arabic became the fashion among the cultivated people of the Peninsula and a host of writers of repute flourished, among whom we find certain illustrious figures of universal fame. It has always been said that Arabic was an instrument of communication, but in Andalusia it acted as a spark producing an explosion. This was possible because the seed had been sown in land that had already been prepared for it. The School of Seville had staunchly maintained the critical spirit which had faltered after the end of the Greek hegemony. The arrival of science from the East gave impetus to this tendency, which was also favoured by a unique situation which arose at this historical moment. Thanks to special conditions which we have partly described, the Jewish communities which had greatly developed in the Peninsula began to react to the influence of the times and were able to bring new ideas to bear on their ancient traditions, with the result that they created in the Hebrew language an intellectual movement of greater significance than any that they had ever been able to achieve since the days of Solomon, and one which they were never to equal ever afterwards. And so, at a moment when the evolution of Andalusian civilization reached its climax in the twelfth century, it found itself composed of elements representing the three families of Arab, Jew and Christian, for the Christian was then beginning to issue forth from its former ostracism. Language and religion were different, but the evolution of ideas was in common. Thus one may understand how the coexistence of these three racial groups was able to foster the growth of a critical spirit which reached a peak of eminence unknown in any previous age, even in the palmy days of Greece. So striking was the movement that historians have called this the First Renaissance and our modern world certainly depends directly upon it.

But the actions of mankind, even the noblest of them, have their decline, and the picturesque little kingdoms, similar to the Greek or Italian city states, which upheld the structure of Andalusian civilization, were dangerously threatened. Moreover, the climatic disturbances which appeared at the end of the twelfth century brought with them a number of catastrophes and disasters which ruined the economy of Morocco. The desert infringed upon the north of the continent and, according to the eternal law of history, the nomadic populations began to overwhelm the more prosperous agricultural settlements. The Berbers then sent on two occasions important invading armies into Andalusia (the Almohades and the Almorávides), under the pretext that they needed booty to compensate their ruined larders. Their influence was disastrous, for they were of inferior culture and they were scandalized by the cynical religion and philosophy of the Andalusians. Helped by the reactionaries who are always to be found, they persecuted the most celebrated writers, among whom Averroes was the most outstanding. They sacked and burnt the pleasure city of Medina-Zahara, near Cordoba, which must have been a marvel of art, if we believe the lyrical praises lavished upon it by the poets, who at a later date did not utter a word in praise of the Alhambra. These reactionaries became even more troublesome than the Christians, and to such an extent that the Andalusian princes actually appealed to the exiled Cid to protect them.

Everything in the world is liable to contamination, and it was now the turn of the Jewish communities to feel the need for stern orthodoxy. The rabbis burnt the books of the philosophers, and Ibn-Gabirol, the master whom Spinoza revered, was expelled from the synagogue, as at a later date his disciple was likewise. But then the creative impulse of civilization turned towards the north, and as a result of the

Berber invasion the wealth of learning and the dominant forces passed into the Christian camp.

Spain, moreover, by an extremely rare dispensation of Providence, was governed in the thirteenth century by a notable scholar, Alfonso X, who conferred upon humanity one of the most extraordinary benefits that any man has ever done, and doubtless this explains why he has been piously forgotten amid the dust of centuries. His wonderful works on astronomy have been the basis upon which the maritime discoveries have been made. Thanks to him and to other dominant personalities Toledo became the intellectual and political capital of Spain as Cordoba had formerly been under Abderrahman III. But although the Peninsula was governed by princes who were of different civilizations and spoke different languages, there was no iron curtain. The Christian kings allied themselves with the Moslems to fight against an aggressive neighbour. They exchanged with one another doctors, scholars, books, dancing girls, musicians, and so on. Students went where they wished. A song which became the fashion in Seville was sung fifteen years later in Provence. There were slaves, but ideas were free and, thanks to Andalusia, the West learnt to appreciate the delights of civilization. A fairly stable equilibrium kept Spain in a situation of veritable osmosis in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but the decline of Andalusian civilization which was parallel to the sudden downfall in the East became suddenly accentuated and left a dangerous void in the South. And, as often happens in history, the ultra-civilized Andalusian kings found themselves caught between a pincers, for the Moroccans were as hateful to them as the Christians, and in such a dilemma they did not know whether to devote themselves to saint or sinner. Moreover, the Castilian kings were becoming daily stronger, for they had learnt how to apply the science and technical

inventions which the West at last began to copy from the Andalusians. These lessons in fact enabled Spain to acquire power far superior to that of other nations and to conquer half the world.

When Andalusian civilization in the fifteenth century had become a mere shadow of its former glory, the idea of unifying the Peninsula under the Cross naturally became the policy of the Christian leaders. This unification movement destroyed the magnificent example of toleration which had created in preceding centuries the unity of the three religions. Spain, however, had to be strong, for the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks was to destroy the balance of power in the Mediterranean. Then came the moment when it was necessary to manoeuvre politically in order to achieve balance of power. Indeed, it is true to say that this task was a comparatively easy one as the opposing powers were in decline, for Andalusian civilization was merely a conglomerate of antagonistic forces and would succumb to the slightest attack.

THE AGE OF MARITIME DISCOVERY

The principles which led to the expansion of the frontiers of the ancient world were laid down by the School of Alexandria. Nevertheless, the ancient world was unable to derive benefit from them, for the science of the ancient world was imprisoned within an iron ring and thus powerless to act. It is useless to blame the decline of science at the end of the Empire upon this or that propitiatory victim, for the reason is a very simple one. Eratosthenes, who by an intuitive stroke of genius managed to measure the earth's meridian to within fifty miles, did not know how to multiply or divide. Consequently, in order to carry out similar operations he had to sweat blood and water, as the Spanish saying goes, and for his calculations he was only able to use Greek, Hebrew or

Roman letters. Without Arabic figures and without zero a calculator would find himself in serious difficulties, and we can well understand how during those centuries men tried desperately to discover an authentic method of calculation; otherwise civilization could not pass beyond the stage it had reached with Pericles. Yet if we believe tradition, it was the Arab countries and India that invented the new notation and the zero. This is probable, though the question has not yet been settled. What is certain is that in Spain the new numbers were known ever since the tenth century, and the zero since the thirteenth. At that time a Toledan Jew called Ibn Esra, of restless and subtle mind, who did not believe in the Bible and who later had a great influence over Spinoza, was the first to teach how to use the zero in calculations. The majority of people believe that in the human effort to achieve progress the first subject learnt was arithmetic, which is today taught to children before geometry and trigonometry. This is erroneous. Arithmetic only reached its actual form, thanks to the new notation, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when algebra became an independent branch of learning. This was one of the principal contributions of Spain to the Middle Ages, and it was owing to the extraordinary development of mathematics that she was able to develop modern science and make the maritime discoveries.

Alfonso X, the Wise King, who lived at Toledo in the thirteenth century, had combined trigonometry and algebra in his astronomical observations, using the new notation. He therefore knew not only that the earth was a globe that turned round the sun (Copernicus only repeated this fact which he had learnt in Italy) but also that Mercury was a diabolical planet, whose eccentric motions were eventually to give trouble even to Einstein. Alfonso was therefore able to write out for the first time in his works, which are on view in

the Escorial Library, longitude and latitude tables in the new notation, and consequently navigators were enabled to take their bearings in open sea in a practical manner. As a result of fresh calculations these methods were improved, for Portuguese and Spanish mathematicians and astronomers worked at the subject in friendly rivalry and their efforts culminated in the invention of the compass, which we owe to the Mallorcans. Ramón Lull in the thirteenth century was the first to give a scientific description of the compass, and from that moment sailors were able to set out to explore the ocean.

Seamen then began by sailing down the African coast towards the south, and after numerous attempts Vasco da Gama in the summer of 1497 was able to double the Cape of Good Hope. These coasting explorations, however, were more important from a commercial point of view, and they did not add to the sum total of men's knowledge of the universe. Strabo had already described how men from Cadiz had on several occasions passed beyond the Columns of Hercules to the Indies. Even in the days of antiquity it was known that people could sail round the Black Continent, and as such voyages did not require deep knowledge of mathematics or big ships we must assume that there were many navigators who sailed to the south, though we do not know their names. It was a very different matter to have to face the great waves of the ocean and to strike out for the unknown. When the crews of Christopher Columbus perceived that the trade-winds continually pushed them towards the west, they were naturally very frightened, for they realized that they could not return to their country by the same route. This incident showed that it was not sufficient to be courageous, or to possess a true serenity of spirit capable of dominating panic, nor did it suffice to be able to read the stars to find one's way. It was necessary also to have ships that could carry out such voyages. And

America would still be undiscovered if the Andalusian civilization, together with the development of the sciences of mathematics and astronomy, had not at the same time discovered a new method of shipbuilding.

The galleon, with all its disadvantages, marked at that time an epoch in naval construction. The discovery of the New World was, like every epic story, the product of diverse complex elements. The attempt made by Columbus was not simply a maritime and scientific expedition, but also a commercial enterprise of great significance. Later on a spiritual motive was grafted upon it, namely the propagation of Christianity. Nevertheless, the first object was commercial, for during the Renaissance the relations between East and West were established on the trade in spices, with which Western countries seasoned their monotonous food. No great variety of alimentary products existed at that time, and it was much later that the Spaniards introduced the fashion of American commodities, which were eventually to transform our methods of nutrition. When it was known in the Piazza San Marco that Vasco da Gama and his Portuguese had doubled the Cape of Good Hope there was general consternation. And the Venetians had every reason to feel disturbed, for from that day commerce and wealth moved to the Atlantic coasts. Lisbon ruined Venice, and soon the city on the Tagus was eclipsed by Seville and Cadiz. The discovery of America thus had been the result of scientific ideas and methods, thanks to which man had been enabled to learn the true dimensions of the earth. But these ideas led to an ambitious speculation. The Kings of Spain, in order to face Portuguese competition, upheld Columbus and allowed themselves to be swayed by their scientists, who fancied they could discover a shorter route which would lead in a straight line to the Moluccas. But either the calculations of these advisers were

inaccurate, or the opinions of the experts were set aside, for they miscalculated the earthly meridian, and Columbus, who was more of an adventurer and a seeker after wealth than a man of true wisdom, believed all his life that the lands discovered by him belonged to Asia, and he died without realizing that they were part of a new continent.

The twelfth of October, 1492, the date of the arrival of the 120 Spaniards at an island of the Antilles, marks the beginning of a new historical era, and obviously a new epoch for the country which had made the discovery. This may be noted by the observant tourist when he visits many towns in Spain. Indeed, the fascination of the New World became all the greater, for during the sixteenth century a very grave climatic change occurred which damaged seriously the crops in the two Castiles and Extremadura. The poor population, ruined by the drought, had no reserves which would tide over the lean period, and were forced to abandon their villages and seek their fortune beyond the seas in countries about which they had heard wondrous tales. It is certain that far fewer people would have been disposed to risk the countless dangers of such a journey if the meteorological phenomenon had not produced such serious consequences, for nobody who leads a life of ease and comfort at home would be mad enough to risk all in such a crazy adventure, and America was not colonized by madmen. Certainly the emigration to America has been the most important Spanish event in modern times, but the historians have been more interested in stressing the lives and exploits of the famous individual Conquistadors, or else have devoted their attention to diplomatic skirmishes between the Kings of France and Spain. Nevertheless what was of vital interest for the human race was the gigantic effort made by the masses, the élite and the State towards civilizing and developing one of the great spaces of the world.

It was the construction of roads, harbours, buildings of every kind, the characteristic Hispanic method of plotting and planning towns and cities; it was the conversion of great populations to Christianity and later to Spanish citizenship; it was the building of cathedrals, palaces, hospitals – all of which testify to the high degree of civilization reached by Hispanic America, for even today in the era of sky-scrapers these monuments of the past remain the most beautiful in the New World.

THE COUNTER-REFORMATION

The history of Spain has had to face more than its share of senseless prejudice. Indeed, we are bound to admit that the passions stirred up by the struggles of the sixteenth century and after have not died down, and even today lead astray the minds of those who wish to study these problems. What must we think of a foreigner living far from Europe and its past struggles were he to claim that because Napoleon was of Italian origin his chronicle of achievement was not French? Yet this is what has been said about Columbus and the discovery of America, and this misinterpretation was all the more implicitly believed by the public because the events belonged to the more distant past. Moreover, modern history has been written in such a way that the majority of world opinion has been completely misled as to the part played by Spain. Thus, for example, it is believed that its inhabitants carved for themselves an empire in Europe, that the Empire lasted two centuries, and that Spain, after losing it, fell into a decline. The fact is that historians of Northern Europe were more interested in what took place on the near rather than on the far side of the Pyrenees, and this was absurd from a historical point of view; for such a concept of history only could apply to the Kingdom of Naples and the Two Sicilies, which were

conquered by the Aragonese in the fifteenth century, but has no meaning when applied to the other possessions of the Spanish Crown. The Spaniards never conquered the Low Countries, nor Belgium, nor Burgundy, nor Franche-Comté, and still less Germany. Those countries then were made up of a confederation of towns and small territories, remains of the federal Europe of the Middle Ages which still confronted the other countries then in the process of becoming nations. The president of the confederation was a hereditary officer and each region possessed its own local political structure. Then, owing to the workings of Providence, the King of Spain, grandson of the Emperor Maximilian. suddenly found himself the head of this confederation. And so the thousand incidents that took place from the election of Charles V to the Treaty of Utrecht (1713) have strictly nothing to do with the Spaniards and their history.

In the fifteenth century the Spaniards had unified themselves and created a nation, thus anticipating France and England. This explains why the innumerable battles that took place between the Kings of France and Spain (not between the French and Spanish nations), with the exception of a few incidents at Perpignan and Fuenterrabía, have always been fought in Flanders, where Richelieu tenaciously pursued his policy of advancing to the natural frontier of the Rhine. There is, however, one fact that cannot be contradicted. On the one hand the expansion of the French monarchy was carried out at the expense of the Flemish populations, but not at the expense of the Spanish who were securely entrenched behind the Pyrenees. On the other hand, the latter have never invaded France from their own territory, and their raids have always been made through the northern plains – an unlikely occurrence if there had been a genuine conflict between the two nations.

What misled the ancient historians and their numerous followers was that the sovereign of the confederation was the King of Spain, and as he drew his greatest resources in men and money from the Peninsula the Spaniards appeared as conquerors, whereas they were only simple policemen, paid by an imperial master who had on his salary list just as many Germans, French, Swiss and Italians. And as this state of affairs was not favourable to the Spanish nation, the King had to champion the rights of the Catholic Church in order to unite his interests to a crusade against Protestantism, though this did not prevent the Cortes and the other representatives of the nation, who held different points of view on these questions, from arguing the matter and even refusing supplies from His Majesty's Treasury.

In order to understand the relations existing between the confederation and Spain we must distinguish three elements: first of all religious conflicts, which created great confusion in the sixteenth century and the evolution of certain groups towards the idea of nationality; secondly, the position of the electors of the Empire, the Low Countries and France, who was trying to set her frontier on the Rhine; thirdly, and finally, the personal relations between the Emperor and his vassals.

When we read that the Flemish cities were in difficulties with their sovereign and the latter employed force, we should examine such incidents carefully and consider their relative importance, for though the King of Spain had difficulties in Antwerp and Brussels, he had still graver problems at Saragossa or Lisbon, not to mention the court intrigues and the need for exercising control over public opinion, which was all-powerful in the Peninsula. On the other hand, in those far-off days when local law was all-powerful, those Spanish monarchs cut a poor figure when we compare politics in the past with those in vogue today. Consider for a moment the

cramping conventions that encircled Philip II, the grim absolute monarch who had less power than a sub-prefect of our days. Remember that he had no control over any money that was not voted by parliament, and in the Peninsula there were half a dozen of his ministers who saw to it that his demands were refused. Philip, the ferocious tyrant, had a force of police, but they could not arrest anyone who sought sanctuary in a church. Every class in the state had its particular privileges, its laws and its procedure. One of the ministers of Philip II, who was accused, whether truly or falsely, of having betrayed his master, when pursued by the police managed to make the case last eleven years. At the end of that time, he thought wiser to leave the country, which he did after organizing a rebellion in Aragon. Public opinion, moreover, though respectful to the King, took such a serious view of the whole affair that Philip's son and successor to the throne was obliged to annul the sentence on the plea that it had been unjust to the accused. Compare the powers of a King of Spain, not with those of a Hitler or even with a present-day President of the United States, but simply with those of a Napoleon III, a Cavour or a Bismarck.

We may thus easily understand that the events which took place in central Europe, where the Spaniards acted as policemen, had nothing directly to do with the history of the Spanish nation. And so, when the Low Countries set up as an independent State the historians declared straightway that this was a symptom of Spain's decline, though Spain itself was not in the least interested in the experiment, whether from a strategic, geographic, economic or even intellectual point of view.

In the case of Spain, moreover, the historians have misinterpreted one of the many traditional differences which divided Franks from Germans ever since the early times, and this difference, in accordance with the custom of the time,

had taken on a religious aspect. The famous battle of Rocroy (1643), which awakens no echo in Spanish hearts, is used by foreign historians as a motive for attacking Spain. Finally, there is the case of Charles II, who on his death-bed left in his will an inventory which was not very different from the one his ancestor, Philip the Fair, had received at his accession. If the sovereignty of these countries had passed to other hands it was not because Spain was in decline, but because its King, Charles II, was unable to beget a son, and his heirs disputed his possessions in the interminable conflict known as the War of Spanish Succession.

Let us select the following characteristic illustration. Which was the more important course for Spain and history: the expeditions and counter-expeditions of mercenary troops through the plains of Europe, which beyond causing certain damage did not modify the lives of the populations in those countries, their economy, or the evolution of their ideas? Or the foundation at the beginning of the eighteenth century of the Missions of the Pacific by Fray Junipero Serra, whence sprang the principal cities of California, from Mexico to San Francisco, which are today the basis of the wealth and civilization of one of the most prosperous regions in the world?

Spain reached her maximum power in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and also her greatest social and intellectual influence in modern times. Between 1550 and 1650 there is a long list of extraordinary men who excelled in all fields of human endeavour: great generals, administrators of regions in America, architects, scholars, sculptors, philosophers, painters, dramatists, novelists and poets. A genuine humanistic culture was created which spread out through America and is still the basis of the Hispanic world. For readers must not forget that several classic Spanish writers are American, such as Alarcón, whom Corneille imitated and who was born in

Mexico; or else Indian blood flowed in their veins, as in the case of Garcilaso the Inca, the great historian of his race.

In the eighteenth century Spain was relieved of her post as policeman in Europe, but foreign historians, ignoring the true state of the country, believed that because Spain no longer intervened in the military affairs of the continent she had become a second-class power. This was a gross error, for although the eighteenth century was not (as in England, France and Italy) a century of outstanding personalities, it was a period of administrative efficiency and social prosperity. During that century Hispanic America began to approximate to its appearance today. Several of the American countries already possessed a social structure which was far more powerful than many European states. Some cities rose above 100,000 inhabitants, whereas New York barely reached 20,000. But such agglomerations of population were rare even in Europe. A city like Lima, which possessed forty thousand coaches at the end of the century, lived in luxury that could only be found in the great European capitals.

THE CRISIS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

At the end of the eighteenth century Spain was rich and powerful. She possessed the biggest fleet in existence with five-deck ships of 3,000 tons, an army of smaller dimensions but well equipped with efficient artillery, as was evident at Bailen and at Saragossa, good administration and very large revenues from American trade, which was growing day by day. Certainly the Meseta was no longer as fertile as in days gone by, for drought and erosion (the two phenomena always found together) had scattered its former population and industry and driven them to take refuge on the coasts of the country. Deforestation had spread, not only owing to the lack of water which drove the tree species towards the north or

towards the higher slopes of the sierras, but also owing to the faulty agrarian policy, which was ignorant of biology and geography and sought to increase the cereal output at the expense of cattle, with the result that the lands soon lost their vegetation.

But in the eighteenth century the economic disabilities of Castile were largely compensated by the revenue from America. The days had long passed away when the early explorers had become rich merely by picking up the gold nuggets in the river beds. Gone were the years of the seventeenth century when the arrival of precious metals on the European markets caused a sinister revolution, which did far more than wars and religious conflicts to destroy completely the structure of the Middle Ages. Great regions of America had passed the colonial stage, and the building of bigger ships enabled new products to be shipped, which became indispensable for food supply and industry, such as coffee, sugar, chocolate, maize, tapioca, quinine, cocaine, cotton, and so on. Nearly all this trade passed through the hands of Spaniards, who also were the producers. Thus there was an immense volume of trade between certain American regions and the coast of the Peninsula, and many families carried on trade with their relations overseas.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, however, a dramatic change occurred which changed the destiny of the whole Hispanic world. Spain was caught as in a vice by a gigantic cultural, tactical and economic crisis – namely the rivalry between England and France, and this crisis descended upon her while she was in full process of evolution. Neither Spain nor America had yet had time to adapt themselves to the new ideas. While the vanguard flirted with the new ideas launched by the French Revolution, the rearguard despairingly clung to the ancient tenets of the Counter-Reformation,

which had given Spain so much prestige. The general masses vacillated and did not know which way to turn. England chose that very moment to make a surprise declaration of war on Spain and wrecked part of her fleet at St. Vincent (1797) before it had even been able to muster its crews. The rest of the fleet fought at Trafalgar. And then Spain had to face betrayal by her ally Napoleon, whose troops had entered Spain as friends in order to make war on Portugal.

Spain at the beginning of the nineteenth century could not fight alone against the two foremost powers in Europe as she had done with ease in the sixteenth century. In those ancient days she had possessed true hegemony, for with the exception of France and Italy all the rest of the West was weak in every respect. England had no fleet* and lived on privateering, and Germany was so vulnerable that Spain had to bring troops right up to the walls of Vienna, when it was besieged by the Turks, and thus save the West which was incapable of defending itself. But in the eighteenth century Europe and especially England was incomparably stronger than they had been before. And so Spain, taken by surprise or perhaps owing to her lack of decisive policy, succumbed to her enemies. Certainly she avenged her defeat by Nelson by snapping off his arm in the Canary Islands and by contributing to his death at Trafalgar, but she lost her fleet and as a result her communications with America. Napoleon, according to all the historians, lost his crown in the Spanish War, and the Spaniards in their turn invaded France and reached Toulouse, but the Peninsula was

* Here the author carries his natural Spanish prejudice too far. The success of Drake's depredations is proof that the English then had a powerful fleet. In the fight against the Invincible Armada the English ships possessed greater weatherliness, and in weight, range and efficiency of gun power were clearly preponderant. See R. B. Merriman, *The Rise of the Spanish Empire*, New York, 1934, vol. IV, pp. 532–3. (Translator's note.)

sacked and the nation was ruined. And for many years Spain and America were without responsible government and consequently without point of contact. When we remember that it took several months to go from Peru to Mexico or from Buenos Aires to Cadiz, we can understand what such a situation meant. Civil Wars broke out in the different countries according as the Progressive or the Reactionaries seized power, and in this state of chaos Spain, deprived of her former power, was unable to take up again the task of governing for the common weal. She was powerless now that her American provinces had been amputated, but what was far more serious was that the continent became divided up into many states in accordance with geography. We may realize the importance of these events when we ask ourselves what would the situation be today if, facing the United States of North America, there existed the United States of South America. An unstable political situation has lasted all through the nineteenth century up to our own period, although the Hispanic world, in spite of all its political divisions, forms one body socially, intellectually and even up to a certain point economically. For the industrial revolution, which was based upon the synthesis of coal and iron, was unfavourable to the development of these regions for geological reasons, and in addition there were difficulties rising out of the lack of adequate communications. The nineteenth century was thus a period of paralysis as far as the Hispanic world was concerned. It is only in our days that the situation has begun to change owing to the new methods of transport, electricity and the wide extension of industry, which have brought about a gigantic transformation. For this reason the traveller to Spain must not forget that the Peninsula is the bridgehead of a great association of peoples who today find themselves at the beginning of a period of decided progress.

IV

ART

LITERATURE

Spanish literature is one of the most important in history. After strengthening its tradition in the Middle Ages, Spanish became classical in the fifteenth century, a few years after Italian, and already when *La Celestina* appeared in 1499 the language had acquired great purity of diction. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were the Golden Age of Spanish literature, and in that period the Spanish genius displayed itself in all intellectual fields and was a pioneer for the West in the principal methods of expression. Even in the field of philosophy the forerunners of Descartes, as regards methodic doubt and the critical spirit, must be sought in the Peninsula, just as we must look there for the forerunners in the principal literary *genres* such as the drama, novel, and lyric poetry. Lope de Vega and Calderon are in the first rank of dramatists and all the world knows *Don Quixote* by Cervantes. During that period poetry reached a height of rhythmic intensity and sublimity which justified the saying that the Spanish language had been created to enable men to speak to God. Few spirits have equalled the mystic rapture of Saint John of the Cross, or the sense of nature of Fray Luis de Leon, or the satirical power of Quevedo. The literature of the Golden Age, as it is called in Spain, is of astonishing richness both as regards quality and quantity: it is a world of its own, extremely crowded, in which many works of art, in spite of their extraordinary perfection, still remain anonymous. The most striking

example of this anonymity is that of epic poetry, unique in history, and the balladry which sprang from it and which is known as the *Romancero*. During the later centuries Spanish literature forever produced strong individual writers, and in our own days the American nations have added in ever-increasing rhythm their particular qualities. Today Spanish is spoken by more than 160 million people and, like English and Russian, is one of the most widely spoken languages in the world.

ANDALUSIAN ART

It is very difficult to understand through written texts the marvellous civilization of Andalusia on account of its complexity of expression. We should, in fact, know Arabic, Hebrew and Latin as well as Spanish, and the example of Renan who studied Averroes in the original has not had many imitators. The traveller, however, has the great advantage that he can understand the language of architecture, which appeals to the eye and does not need a dictionary. Better still if he can talk to the country people, for he will then begin to discover in them the simple tradition of a very ancient race – Tartessian originally, and later Latin, Arab, Spanish, but always Andalusian. The tourist will then note as soon as he has made his way through the passes leading to Andalusia that he has come to a country that from a geographical and cultural point of view is unlike any other. Above all he must not permit oriental prejudices to colour his impressions, for many years have passed since the affected ideas of the pseudo-romantic writers were the fashion. Today everyone knows that the influence of the East was more important in the realm of ideas than in customs. Andalusia is the classic land 'par excellence', and Roman civilization left so powerful an impress there that it will be impossible to understand the country unless one is able to distinguish its traces.

The traveller, therefore, should not be led astray by the marvels of the Alhambra and seek to discover there some subtle oriental magic, for Andalusian architecture has nothing to do with the Arabs, for the simple reason that the Arabs were nomads and tent-dwellers. The great monuments of Asia Minor built by members of different ethnic groups spring mostly from Byzantine civilization, and those of Andalusia from Rome directly. The celebrated Andalusian *patio* is simply the Roman *atrium*, and a great palace like the Alhambra is similar in structure to those with which we are familiar dating from the heyday of the Empire – a succession of *atrium*, open galleries, pergolas, a medley of rooms and gardens, fountains, ponds, channels of running water. All that is strictly Roman. The horseshoe arch, which was believed in the last century to have been introduced by the Arabs, is indigenous in Spain. It does not exist in the East. It spread through the Peninsula during the centuries of the Visigoths, and we find examples of the seventh and eighth centuries as fine as those in the mosque of Cordoba, and after all it has evolved out of the Roman arch.

The stucco ornamentation, the arabesques and the seats carved with verses of the Koran alone are strictly Islamic. When the traveller visits the religious monuments of the period, whether mosques or synagogues, he will find this impression of the essentially Roman background growing upon him; especially will he find this so when in Cordoba he pauses to meditate in the shadow of the colonnades of the mosque of Abderrahman. He will then realize that above the Roman sediment a layer has been deposited which has the mark of a widely different spirit – one far more rational and abstract in character. Whereas the Romans had a primitive religion, Islam, as one sees it through the Andalusian, has inherited the philosophy of Arius, that is to say, the idea

that God is no longer anthropomorphic like Elohim or Jupiter, nor is he personal as Christ. It is a metaphysical God such as was imagined by the School of Alexandria, and He has been brought within the ken of the masses by a number of chapels and religions, of which the most important were Arianism and Islam.

Andalusian art is, then, the product of a special complex mentality. The traveller may himself observe the independence of those who even in periods of iconoclastic tyranny were yet able to react against this tendency, as is proved by the number of works extant, such as the lions of the Alhambra and the designs on the casket of Almanzor, which one can see in the treasury of Pamplona Cathedral. It is a strange amalgam of different styles where Roman culture, the characteristics of the Sevillian school and Visigothic mingle with the great creations of Arab civilization. These diverse elements, which in the course of centuries have been assimilated, enabled the Andalusian soul to express itself in works of indefinable charm, but this inspiration did not cease when the heirs to the Caliphate declined, for we find it expressed with the same delicacy of feeling in the Christian Renaissance. We find it among the sailors who accompanied Christopher Columbus, among the mystics who taught the Castilians the millenary motives of ecstasy, in the songs sung by the soldiers of Charles V, and finally in the impassive serenity of one who had seen much, the dominant quality in the art of Velazquez.

ROMANESQUE ART

There has been much discussion as to whether Romanesque art originated in France or Spain. The specialists, however, ought first of all to have come to an agreement as to whether in the High Middle Ages there existed a French or a Spanish art. We have to express our doubts, for even with the best

will in the world we cannot hold that there existed at that time either a French or a Spanish nation. For our part we prefer to hold that after the era of uncut stone there did exist a Pyrenean culture, which included generally the two sides of the mountain range and the neighbouring regions, and the last and most striking of its manifestations was this Romanesque art, likewise closely related to Visigothic art which, we must not forget, had an important position in the south of France.

We advise all those who are interested in this question to visit in Barcelona the wonderful Montjuich Museum where, in a majestic palace built for the 1928 Exhibition, the Catalan authorities have placed the mural paintings and reconstructed the apses of thirty hermitages dating from the ninth, tenth and eleventh centuries, which were scattered through the Catalonian Pyrenees.

The two great monuments of Romanesque art in France, Saint Sernin and Moissac, have their parallels in Spain at Saint James of Compostela and the Monastery of Silos. Saint James is most striking owing to its noble dimensions, and it produces an unexpected effect upon the traveller, for Romanesque art is generally of reduced dimensions and practically in miniature. Here we may also admire one of the most important examples in the history of art, since for the first time sculpture loses its anonymity and we know today the name of the artist who has carved the 'Portico of Glory'. His name was Mateo. The cloister of Silos deserves to be studied in detail. The ancient part (eleventh century) was constructed by Moslem artists who sculptured not only Persian decorative subjects but also oriental religious emblems such as the tree of life, which are incongruous in work designed to inspire Christian devotion. All over the north-west of Spain there are magnificent examples of Romanesque art, and among the most important we would mention the old Cathedral of

Salamanca, Saint Isidor de Leon and the ruins of the famous choir of San Juan de Duero at Soria, where we may observe how exuberantly the horseshoe arch has evolved.

GOTHIC ART

Gothic art in Spain flourished to an extraordinary degree, but when the traveller visits the famous cathedrals he will note to his surprise that they give him the impression of being inhabited. Indeed they appear to have a special life of their own, whereas the French churches or those of the rest of Western Europe give the impression of having been emptied of their former splendour, like the Palace of Versailles. In the days when they were constructed they must have produced a very different impression. Owing to a number of reasons Spanish cathedrals preserve the atmosphere of former days, and for this reason the tourist who visits them enjoys the sensation of wandering back in time and reliving for a moment the early days of Christianity.

Gothic art entered the Peninsula in the thirteenth century at the moment when Western culture expanded southwards and came into contact with Andalusian art. As a result of these contacts a movement started which profoundly influenced the whole European confederation united under the Cross. Soon this cultural movement was to become more aggressive towards the decadent South, and after the decline of the ancient rationalistic spirit the Christian faith acquired day by day a greater ascendancy over the mean spirit of the faquirs and the traditionalism of the rabbis. And this spirit was to show itself clearly in art for, unlike Romanesque, which had always adopted a discreet and cautious attitude, Gothic was exuberant and aggressive and rejoiced in being the art of a warrior race. Later on, indeed, it would allow itself a fantastic display of imagination. It was particularly at the

frontier of Andalusian civilization that Gothic art reflected its physical and intellectual qualities. The prototype of that art may be seen in the elegant Cathedral of Toledo, which rises at the summit of the town like a conquering presence, a conqueror of the mosques and synagogues built in the lower quarters looking over the Tagus. Severe and concentrated in style, the cathedral nevertheless has a military air and its sharp arches remind us of the armour of knights who stood like human towers and yet moved flexibly when in action. Nevertheless, this coat of mail style is not called upon by necessity to serve as a war machine as in the case of Avila Cathedral, whose apex is one of the best protected bastions of the town's ramparts. The frontier with the Moslems has already passed beyond the Tagus, and the Cathedral of Toledo is a dungeon, not in the sense of a last rampart, for the city's impregnable position gives it the comforting air of security, but as the highest point of vantage whence one can act as sentry over the roads to the south.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Spanish Gothic loses its aggressive characteristics, and it becomes exalted, either by the infinity of arabesque as at Burgos, or by its craving for dizzy heights as at Seville, where we find the biggest Gothic cathedral in Christendom, and where the enormous columns in perspective resemble slender sapling trunks which branch out into myriads of acanthus leaves.

On the other hand farther north, far from the frontier, Gothic art could flourish peacefully, and in contact with the Pilgrims of Saint James we discover in Old Castile the most beautiful example of French art in the world: the Cathedral of Leon. Here there is no panoply of war, for the enemy has already been put to rout and the human being may give free reins to his imagination. And so there rises before us the jewel of a building, delicate as a flower, so slender and elegant

that it seems not to have any walls. Its defence against bad weather is its glass, for that wonderful building has twelve hundred windows, and when the sun shines its rays become reflected in a fantastic symphony of colours which transfigure the souls of those who are praying within.

THE RENAISSANCE AND THE BAROQUE

The art of the Renaissance has been but a fleeting movement in Spain, whether it combined with Gothic and produced the flamboyant style, or whether it underwent the austere dynamic influences of the Counter-Reformation and vitalized the great baroque movement. In reality the art of the Renaissance only flourished to the full extent in Italy. Nevertheless, we find in Spain beautiful monuments of exquisite proportions, as in Mallorca and Valencia. In Castile the spirit of humanism gave to the Renaissance style a sense of breadth and universality which is characteristic of the period. Thus at Salamanca, where the art of the Renaissance follows the needs of the university.

Nevertheless, the old peaceful days when an artist loved to adorn a window opening wide on nature with its simple homely surroundings diminishing in the distant horizon, had passed away. When an artist constructs a building with the idea of serving as a defensive bulwark he cannot risk exposing himself to the outside unless he erects high defences which will defend him from an external foe. With the baroque movement art again introduces an aggressive note, though the struggle was to be one of ideas rather than of bucklers. And so the windows of the Escorial, which open out on to the great perspective of Castile, are placed high above the ground, as though the light of the sun had first to overcome impenetrable barriers before being able to shine within.

The Escorial is the masterpiece of linear geometry, as the

'Meninas' of Velazquez is the triumph of three-dimensional space. Nevertheless, the traveller must forget the sinister shadows in which certain historians have tried to envelop that gigantic monument. Visit it and admire its powerful lines when winter and the snowy season has passed. Visit it when the sun is shining and you will find the monastery full of gaiety, like a simple-minded soul who has not a care in the world, for it is a building in which science, art and religion have achieved a wonderful sense of unity.

THE PRADO MUSEUM

Spain possesses an enormous quantity of pictures, not only in the museums, but also in private houses. Spaniards have always been great lovers of pictures, and being connoisseurs they have generally been skilful in collecting the best works of art. They have never let their taste be dominated by any period fashion and have sought to buy works which would last. When they admired a particular painter or painting they did not hesitate to spend their money and even their patience in acquiring it. Thus Mary of Hungary, the sister of Charles V, when she fell in love with one of the finest masterpieces of Van der Weyden – 'The Descent from the Cross' – which was at Louvain in the church of Nôtre Dame hors la Ville, employed all her skill in diplomacy to become owner of the picture. In the end she replaced it by the work of another painter, and after paying a big sum of money she sent the picture to Spain. The ship, however, was wrecked, but as the picture was painted on wood it floated miraculously and was saved. We may admire it today in the Prado. In the same way Philip II became infatuated by the pictures of Jerome Bosch, and as a result those who wish to become acquainted with the work of that eccentric genius must come to Spain.

As is only natural, the richest collection was made by the

Spanish Kings. Ferdinand VII had the idea of creating a museum to house the finest pictures and this was the origin of the Prado, which later on became enriched by numerous donations, of which the most important was that of Francisco Cambó who, in later years, among other important works, donated three celebrated Botticellis.

The palace of the Prado was the work of the Madrid architect Juan de Villanueva. It was built for Charles III who wished to house there his Museum of Natural History, the finest of the day.

Nevertheless, the love of Spaniards for art does not suffice to explain this unusual collection of great masters. The fact is that they were not only very wealthy and had a refined perception, but they were placed in an extraordinarily advantageous position for acquiring such works of art. Owing to the political history of those days they were in contact with Flanders and Italy, which together with Spain created the great schools of painting in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The painter most inadequately represented in the Prado is Rembrandt (only three canvases). This can be explained not only by the fact that the great Dutch master was not understood by his contemporaries, but also because the Spaniards had few contacts with the Low Countries once the latter had separated from the Confederation. The Prado Museum today possesses 2,500 pictures, amongst which 749 belong to the Spanish school, 529 to the Italian, 703 to the Flemish, 125 to the Dutch, 190 to the French and 52 to the German. (The rest are arranged in uncertain schools.) There is also a fine collection of sculpture among which we may note several Greek statues of the best period, a Venus attributed to Praxiteles, 'The Fawn and the Kid', and the group Castor and Pollux. There are also fine specimens of the Roman period, and amongst them the celebrated bust of Cicero.

The great masters take up nearly all the halls of the Prado, and as many hours are required to visit the complete collection we advise travellers who have not much time to spare to see first the pictures of artists who are poorly represented in other galleries or are difficult to find. We recommend them especially to visit first of all Titian, Tintoretto, El Greco, Velazquez, Goya and Jerome Bosch, but not to lose themselves in the entrance halls, or the second floor, unless to see the engravings and etchings of Goya, if they have time. For it is better to see thirty pictures in a morning than to rush through the museum in two hours and leave the building at the end with a kaleidoscopic chaos of images in one's head.

If you have time enough for a second visit we would advise you to follow a simple plan which can only be carried out at the Prado, and which will have the merit of showing you the evolution of painting from the primitives up to Goya, the master of impressionism. After mounting the steps and entering the gallery, turn to the left of the great hall with its colonnades and you will find yourself in the halls of the Italian school. First of all, turn to a small picture at the entrance – 'The Death of the Blessed Virgin' – by Mantegna. Through a window we see stretching before us a broad landscape. Do not pay too much attention to the figures in the picture; you may examine them another time. Concentrate upon the vision of the harbour and remember that you are looking at a work where, for the first time in the history of art, the painter has been able to forget linear design and create on a plain surface a true perspective. In order to convince yourself of this truth glance rapidly at the Botticellis in the adjoining hall and you will straightway realize what gigantic strides Mantegna has made. Then follow Italian painting through the successive halls, walk straight through the hall of Titian, for you may see his work later, and halt in front of

Tintoretto's picture 'The Washing of the Feet', one of the finest pictures in the world. Here the artist by sheer technique and perspective, by the clever use of light effects and the subtle arrangement of the figures in three successive planes, conveys to us such a sense of vividness that the figures seem to emerge from the canvas and acquire a vitality which no painter hitherto in the history of painting had achieved. And yet this sense of reality had been the ideal pursued by the classical artists who, according to the ancient writings, wished the birds of the air to peck at the grapes painted by the great Zeuxis.

When you have enjoyed the masterpiece of Tintoretto, you should go immediately to the little hall where you will find the 'Meninas' of Velazquez. Sit down and look carefully at the picture. If you wish to enter more deeply into its essence, you may look at its reflection in the mirror, which has been so arranged that it accentuates the relief. You now find yourself in the presence of true perfection in the art of brushwork. You are conscious of the physical presence of the figures, not because they seem to walk out of the canvas as in the case of Tintoretto, but because the background of the picture seems to deepen out, and another hall seems to stretch before you as a continuation of the room where you are seated, and thus the artist by the touch of a magic wand has transported you into another period of history and enables you to rub shoulders with people who shuffled off this mortal coil several centuries ago. The ingenious juxtaposition of the exhibition hall and the hall represented in the picture admirably aids the mirage effect. The two rooms, that of the Royal Palace where Velazquez is painting the monarchs while the children play around him, and the room where you are sitting, are of similar dimensions. The light enters at the same side both in the picture and in reality through a high window. And thus a

series of geometric relations is produced which make this work the triumph of Euclidean art, for on a plane surface appears the third dimension, and it was for this reason that a critic said of Velazquez that he had managed to paint the atmosphere. This illusion is heightened by the little door set in the dark background through which shines the daylight. In a mirror set nearby appear the heads of the King and Queen of Spain, who are posing for the painter and are actually outside the picture in the same place as the spectator. Arranged in gradation between the door and the King and Queen the children play and Velazquez paints. The whole picture gives one an extraordinary sense of vivid life, and never has painting in relief reached greater perfection. This masterpiece of Velazquez is in truth the high watermark of representational art.

Let us also note that the Andalusian painter was the contemporary of Descartes, and as in the 'Analysis' of the latter he sets his points, that is to say his figures, in a space of three dimensions. We can then understand why after him the painters in despair wished to throw away their brushes. Certainly Zurbarán reached the point of making his portraits of monks resemble busts, but none the less Velazquez had exhausted the possibilities, and it was necessary to await the arrival of another genius whose sombre and savage personality would break the traditions consecrated by the Sevillian master. But Goya no longer sought for perfection in representation. He wished to paint other subjects, a flash which lasts a second, the lights in nature which represent a state of mind, or the dreams that come at night. Art since the days of El Greco turned in another direction.

V

THE PLEASURES OF TRAVEL

EATING AND DRINKING

THE first pleasure of a traveller in a foreign country is to sit in a café in the open air and watch life pass in front of him. Today, alas, we cannot, as in the days of Théophile Gautier, recognize the profession and the habits of people by their clothes or head-dress, or by the harness of their horses. The uniformity of today has destroyed all picturesqueness, and when the devil takes a hand we find married couples even give up wearing their wedding-rings. Nevertheless, one may still enjoy the charm of making little discoveries here and there, and probably the first glimpse a tourist catches of a new civilization is when he sees on the dinner table many delicacies whose existence he had never previously suspected.

Spain produces an enormous quantity of foodstuffs which in other countries are today regarded as luxuries. In these days of retrenchment it is difficult to export goods that are not considered indispensable, but this disadvantage turns to the profit of the traveller who enjoys the pleasures of the table, when he observes the variety of *hors d'oeuvres* that is served with drinks in the bars. Most of these delicacies are sea food and come either from the *rías* or fjords of Galicia, or the warm waters of Andalusia. Amongst the former, some are known in England, but others are rarely eaten; in addition to oysters there are the cockle shells of St. James, *cigalas* (large prawns), big crabs, sea spiders, *percebes* (goatsfeet – a special type of crustacean which clings to rocks, opens like a flower, and whose pulp has a delicious tang). Then there are mussels

of various kinds. Among the products of the warmer waters of Andalusia the most important are the popular *gambas* or shrimps, which may be served fried or in fritters, and the aristocratic *langostinos* or prawns, which are more popular and more expensive than the familiar lobster or crawfish, which are found in abundance off the Spanish coasts. In the bars of Andalusia it is customary to serve gratis with each glass of wine drawn from the barrel little plates of fried fish or ham.

If you like to taste the home produce of this region we recommend all gourmets to try the ham from the Andalusian sierras. The most famous is that from Trevelez in the Sierra Nevada. It is ham which has been cured at a high altitude, and comes from little black pigs which inhabit the oak forests, where they feed on acorns. (In the rest of Spain they will serve you hams called *serranos*, which are an imitation of those from Trevelez.) In recent years the custom of serving *tapas* or titbits with *apéritifs* has spread all over the country, but the traveller should not look for them in elegant bars.

Andalusia is the land of generous wines. They may be divided into two classes: the *finos*, white wines of very fine quality; the *hechos*, which are of sweeter quality when young and of a reddish colour like port, but which become dry as they grow old. The new wine matures, like brandy, in venerable barrels, which often are a hundred or two hundred years old. They are never emptied entirely so that the residue when mingling with the new wine may hasten the latter's fermentation. Then, after years, the wine is transferred from vat to vat. The dry wines are divided into three categories: the Amontillados, the Sherrys and the Manzanillas. The first come from the town of Montilla, at the foot of the Sierra Morena, which separates Andalusia from Castile, and are strongly alcoholized, aromatic and very dry, with a slight after-taste of flint. The

wines from Jerez are generally less strong and finer, but treacherous, for they quickly go to your head. The Manzanillas are young wines which are produced on the slopes facing the Atlantic and, according to the experts, the sea air makes them sparkle. They are in great demand at the hour of the *apéritif*, for they have the same taste and bouquet as the other wines, but may be drunk in greater quantities as they are less alcoholized. The traveller may savour these wines in the innumerable little bars which are to be found all over Andalusia and they are drawn directly from the barrel. The wines known as 'hechos' may also be drunk at dessert, but as a rule the Andalusian wines are not served during meals. Nevertheless, we recommend the gourmets to try a good sherry, especially one of those called 'finísimos', for they are subtly flavoured and ideally adapted to fish or lobsters which are cooked in strong sauces such as *à la thermidor* or *à l'armoricaine*.

REGIONAL COOKERY

Spanish cooking, though it is the richest with the exception of the French in varied dishes, is under a disadvantage for Northern people because it is prepared with olive oil. There is a certain prejudice on this point. There are people who cannot endure olive oil as there are those who hate cooking with butter, and others again who do not enjoy drinking wine. It is all a question of natural reactions or habit. The following paragraphs thus are not written for these people. We only wish to explain the prejudice.

One cannot compare olive oil, which is the richest foodstuff in calories that is known to man, with the oils of sunflower or other fat substances. What is there in common between a liqueur and methylated spirit? Refined oils have no taste, but a connoisseur can determine from the scent and the quality the place of origin of an olive oil. The climate, the earth and

the oil press give to each olive a particular flavour. All olive oils are not alike. There is oil of premier quality, as golden in colour as wheat, and there is oil of second quality, and there is also inferior grade olive oil. When the olives are brought to the oil press, the first juice which flows is the best, and the succeeding pressings give oil that is inferior in quality. When we come to the last pressings the oil has to be refined on account of its extreme acidity and because the fats have been extracted. To treat the first-class oils in this way would be outrageous; it would be like refining an Armagnac on the pretext that its taste did not appeal to certain people. Besides, olive oil becomes rancid after two or three years. What would we think of someone who hated butter because he once tasted it when it was in bad condition?

We may in any case reassure people who will not give up their oil prejudices by telling them that in all the hotels and restaurants standard cooking is the order of the day. For those who love good food we shall now give a short account of regional cookery in Spain.

As the Iberian Peninsula is divided up into separate regions which vary considerably, the art of gastronomy changes from one province to another, for cookery depends on the products of each place, and as climatic conditions are extreme between one point and another it would be very difficult to speak in any general way of Spanish cooking.

Regional dishes, thus, are all the more individual. Nevertheless, certain elements are in the ascendant. There are certain ingredients which depend upon a certain geographical position such as onions, tomatoes, and nearly all the flavouring materials. On the other hand, Spanish cookery has been invaded by sea food, owing to the wealth of products that come from its extensive coasts. Thanks to the enormous size of her fisheries, which has made Spain the country in the

world that eats most fish, both tradition and the refinement of taste have combined to create a harmonious balance between land and sea products. The most characteristic example of this is to be found in the numerous rice dishes. Spain is also the country of fruits and vegetables.

The abundance of fish in Spain is worth noting, for the traveller at a reasonable cost may become acquainted with all the Atlantic varieties of fish which in the rest of Europe would be considered as luxuries. With the exception of salmon (by law the streams that flow down from the Cantabrian mountains to the sea are reserved for sportsmen), deep-sea fishing is carried on by a co-operative arrangement between masters and fishermen which works very flexibly. Owing to efficient organization the fish reaches the centre of Spain in perfect condition – a remarkable achievement when one considers the difficulty of communications. In the south there is a traditional practice in connexion with tunny fishing which dates from Phoenician times. Each year in the spring and the autumn, thousands of tunny fish enter and leave the Mediterranean through the Straits of Gibraltar. Nets are placed at special points several kilometres in length, but ending in a blind alley. When the swarms of tunny, which vary between a hundred and five hundred fish, enter the network which is established between the coast and the opposing currents they find themselves surrounded by the fishing boats and unable to escape. What a witches' cauldron seethes within the nets when these monsters, many of which are over six feet in length, find themselves at bay! The Andalusians in the ancient days used to make great hauls, and they sent to Rome such quantities of salted tunny that the piled-up fragments of broken jars used for the industry, formed the little hill called Monte Testaccio, or hill of the potsherds, which is nearly 900 yards long and 160 feet high. The *ventresca*, or stomach of the tunny, which

melts in the mouth like butter, is a dainty greatly appreciated by all gourmets.

There are four regions in Spain which are perfectly distinctive from a gastronomic point of view, and of those two are intimately related to regional French cooking.

First of all we have the north-western region or zone of the hot-pot. This stretches from the South of France to St. James of Compostela. This region, which is also the place where we find the prehistoric rock paintings and the great examples of Romanesque architecture, possesses a type of cookery which is closely related. Although at Toulouse goose is put into the hot-pot, whereas pork is used in the *pote* of Asturias, the main elements of the dish are the same, even though each locality in Navarre or far off Galicia has its variants. We may, therefore, consider the hot-pot as one of the testimonies of Pyrenean civilization. In that vast region there is, however, one area which, owing to its originality, possesses special significance – namely Basque cooking. It may be distinguished from others by its characteristic fish dishes, but it has a strange resemblance to the cooking of the Bordeaux region, a fact that may be due to the close relations between Basques and Gascons throughout the ages. The fish dishes of the Basques are eccentric and may cause anxiety to timid travellers who do not possess the courage of the gourmet, for a true Sybarite will not wince at the sight of locusts from Marrakesh, snails, frogs' legs, or curries prepared with exotic spices.

These Basque dishes are generally prepared with fine thick sauces, either green or in *pilpil* fashion, which simmer in little earthenware dishes that the cook must stir from time to time to keep them lively, and in this way they will prove an ideal accompaniment to braised cod, coal-fish, or else simple whiting, which is indeed a dainty dish. Among this series of

sauces let us pay special homage to that of *chipirones* or squids which are only lately becoming known to the English traveller, and are often misunderstood. Indeed the unwary traveller who has not been forewarned might easily dip his fountain pen in his dish, for the sauce is made with ink, that defensive liquid which these innocent cephalopods preserve carefully in their bag. When they are attacked they squirt this substance in order to elude pursuit. *Chipirones* (the word is Basque and in Spanish they are called *calamares*), if they are to satisfy the exacting gourmet, should be fished on a hook and should be small, for then they are tender. The whiteness of the flesh contrasts with the blackness of the sauce, which should be thin.

The *shanguro*, which in Basque means a sea-spider, will appeal to all those who love crustaceans cooked in their own shell. The same name is given to big reddish crabs with dangerous claws, and they have an even stronger flavour. Their meat when cooked with cheese possesses a subtle flavour which may vary according to the idiosyncrasies of the cooks.

Angulas, may I remind you, are not a variety of Italian maccaroni, nor have they any connexion with worms, though this is what timid travellers imagine when they see them for the first time. They are simply eel fry. Now we all know that eels lead a very different life to salmon, though the latter lead a strenuous existence. Thanks to their extreme rapidity the salmon have never been caught at sea, but at mewing time they swim up the river where they were born and deposit their eggs there. They are exceedingly intelligent and never miss the mouth of their own river. The eel, on the other hand, lives humbly in streams and little lakes where she leads a commonplace existence. But no sooner does she fall in love than she launches out into great adventures and, guided by some mysterious intuition, she makes her way down the rivers, and without losing her way on her great nuptial

journey she wanders off to the warm waters of the Sargasso Sea, where she reproduces her kind and dies, exhausted after her great effort. The eggs, billowed about by the currents, ripen and the fry are born, and after three years vagabonding over the ocean they appear at the beginning of autumn on the coasts of Europe. These are the famous *angulas*. They are at this time transparent, a fact which is appreciated by the biological students, who can see them through a microscope, and by the gourmets, for they are at this time very tasty, and the early catches of *angulas* on moonlit nights at the mouths of rivers fetch a high price in the market. Even though you may be offered *angulas* outside the Basque country, do not eat them except in restaurants which specialize in these delicacies. They are, indeed, difficult to prepare. *Angulas* are cured in tobacco water and they must be eaten a few hours later. When fresh they are covered with a gluey substance which adds to their flavour, and which disappears rapidly. In restaurants they give you wooden spoons to enable you to eat them with ease, for those of silver are useless.

In the Basque country you will eat braised fish of all kinds: sardines, anchovies, tunny and all their varieties. A Basque, once he devotes himself to the gastronomic art, is hard to please, for his palate is so delicate that he is able to distinguish whiting fished on a hook from those caught in a drag-net. In Navarre there are plenty of trout and the cooks excel in preparing them with raw ham. And now, to end these remarks on Basque cooking, we shall mention two excellent cheeses to the gourmet: the cheese of Idiazabal, which is as white as snow and has a strange flavour of herbs; and the cheese of Roncal, near Roncevaux, which faintly resembles the French cheese Cantal.

Galicia is the gourmet's paradise, so rich is it in crustaceans and shell fish. The shells of St. James, which are called in

Gallego *vieiras*, are prepared in a special way . . . and with reason! All the countryside of the north-west of Spain is rich in cattle, which are often, especially in the Basque country, employed in the fields. Nevertheless, the meat of Galicia is of better quality. It feeds a great part of Spain.

In all the region near the Cantabrian mountains excellent cider is to be found, especially in Asturias. In Galicia a kind of Calvados is distilled; it is strong, honest liquor. Strong also is the cheese of Cabrales, which is a violent kind of Roquefort.

The Mediterranean coasts, in contrast to those of the Atlantic, form another culinary region. In Cadiz the *bouillabaisse* of Marseilles is the dominant dish, but there it is called 'sopa al cuarto de hora'. Connoisseurs may compare the Basque fish soup made with bread to the series of *bouillabaisses* of a more or less refined kind which we find all the way down to the Straits of Gibraltar. The great favourite, however, is rice, and the *paella* has become the main dish of Valencia.

Rice arrived in Spain from the East during the early Middle Ages and it was favoured by the climatic conditions, which also fertilized the plants of Hindustan such as the orange tree, the sugar cane, the mulberry bush and the lemon tree. Nevertheless, although the Moslems already cultivated rice, the *paella* had not yet reached its present form, for the simple reason that one of its principal elements – the tomato, which is of Mexican origin – did not become popular until the seventeenth century. The *paella à la Valenciana*, with its refined complexity, is therefore a product of Baroque Spain.

Many different dishes can be made with rice in the classical part of Spain which is the Mediterranean region, and so the tourist will have occasion to sample many varieties of this dish during his journey, but, as we said concerning the

Basques, these dishes will not be served up in accordance with the precepts of art except in the place whence they originally come. The *paella Valenciana*, which is a most complicated dish, for eels are mixed with chicken and vegetables, can only be enjoyed in its true form in that beautiful city. In most restaurants one is given commonplace imitations of the great dish.

We may divide rice dishes into five great series. First of all rice and crustaceans, which is a Catalan speciality; rice *à la Valenciana*; rice and fish, or *arroz à la banda*, which is a dish belonging to Alicante; then two further dishes which belong to another part of the country – rice and chicken, which is Andalusian, and rice *à la Zamorana*, which is cooked with pork. It resembles the Castilian rice and mutton, and indeed both these dishes are characteristic of the steppes.

The region of *bouillabaisse* is also that of *ayolí*. Cooking throughout the world is familiar with that form known as mayonnaise sauce. The word comes from Mahon, the capital of Minorca, one of the Balearic Isles. The English seized it during the War of the Spanish Succession, as they did Gibraltar, for they were allied to the Austrian Pretender, and in that Spanish Civil War provoked by the death of the King, who left no direct heirs, the partisans of the Archduke, rival of the Duke of Anjou, were masters of the Mediterranean region. During the siege of Mahon by the French and Spanish troops, who had rallied to the cause of the grandson of Louis XIV, the Duc de Richelieu tasted the *ayolí*, which pleased him so much that he made it the fashion in Paris.

Cooking is the test of an ancient civilization, and the Andalusian is no exception to the rule, especially in cakes and pastries, which are often based on ancient traditions, and the recipes are preserved in old convents. Nevertheless, it is not

easy for the traveller to sample Andalusian cooking, for its industry has not developed greatly, owing to the fact that the population need less calories, and when they do eat more than their share they fill themselves with *tapas* in the bars and taverns which are to be found in every street. In any case the traveller will have occasion to sample the prawns and shrimps which, owing to their proximity to the sea, are deliciously fresh, and he will also taste the famous raw hams from the mountains. Many delicacies from this region have for a long time been admitted into French cooking. They are called *à l'impératrice* or *à l'andalouse* and were set in fashion by the Empress Eugénie, who came from Granada. The traveller may also drink the classic *consommé* which, according to ritual, should be flavoured with sherry. He will also have the opportunity of tasting the famous Andalusian fried dishes.

The method of preparing these is quite simple, for it consists in boiling in a big pan several litres of oil seasoned with aromatic herbs and crustaceans. Then a big sole is plunged for an instant into this mixture, and when it has been withdrawn it may be eaten whole, for even the big vertebral bone has become soft and spongy owing to the oil. Another dish of fame is *arroz al pollo*, or rice and chicken. The latter is hashed up and mixed with the rice, which assumes a golden colour. This makes a healthy meal with gazpacho – a kind of cold soup composed of oil, bread, garlic and tomato – in a word it is a medley of vitamins with a powerful flavour which does not agree with everyone, but it can be recommended in hot weather. The dishes of the Meseta are the products of surroundings that belong more or less to the region of the steppes, and for this reason it is the country of the *cocido* or stew, which formerly was the housewife's favourite dish, for she could vary it in many ways; but today, owing to larder difficulties, it has become a luxury food. In the steppes

sausages of varied sizes abound, and so glaring is their colour that they would madden a bull. Veal from the province of Avila is justly famed for its flavour, which is due to herbs that grow in the mountains. And as to lambs, those of Burgos and especially Pamplona are unrivalled, and in Navarre the small lambs are exclusively nourished on milk. In certain restaurants in Madrid or Segovia the traveller will have occasion to eat sucking pig roasted with such skill that not one drop of grease appears in its meat. In Zamora they serve a complicated dish which is made of pig's ears and head – an appetizing meal if it is not too greasy, and one that should be eaten on a cold winter's day when we are ready to open a bottle of wine. We may also mention the characteristic Madrid dish called *callos*, which differs from *tripes à la mode de Caen* by the addition of tomato, laurel leaf and pimiento.

In the spring we should eat at Madrid the famous strawberries of Aranjuez and the asparagus, which is eaten in its entirety. We would specially recommend travellers to try the muscatel grapes of Andalusia and *paraguayos*, or flat-shaped peaches, on account of their rarity abroad.

MUSIC AND DANCING

Every region of Spain has its own special dances, many of them very ancient and associated with folk songs. Formerly it was believed that Flamenco music had been imported from the East by the Arabs. This is not so, for there is evidence that Andalusian song existed in Roman times. We have the testimony of Martial who describes the performance of the dancing girls of Cadiz with crotales, which were the ancestors of castanets. The Venus 'Kallipygos' of the Museum at Pompeii was, it seems, a dancer from South Spain. Singing and dancing have nothing to do with the Gypsies, who reached Spain at the end of the fifteenth century; they are

simply the interpreters of an art they did not create. Sometimes they excel in that profession, just as some of them in Hungary become virtuoso violinists. Both singing and dancing are parallel, not only in their rhythmic influence but also in their historical evolution. Andalusian songs and dances are performed simultaneously just as the various *jotas* in Spain. Dancing and singing known as *hondo* or deep (so called because it comes from the depth of the throat) are probably pre-Roman, perhaps indeed they have come from the East through Carthaginian or Phoenician influence. The modulation of this form of singing and the ritualistic gestures of the dance recall Semitic rites. Today it is agreed that out of this music sprang the Gregorian chant. Flamenco is a style of singing that was brought into fashion by the Andalusian soldiers of the king who were stationed in Flanders (*Tercios Flamencos*, whence the word 'flamenco'). In the eighteenth century these rhythms became popularized in dances such as the *sevillanas*, *seguidillas* and *boleros*. These folk songs and dances were, like the ballads of the *Romancero*, originally aristocratic and were often the work of a court musician. After falling out of favour they were at a later date remembered by the people and preserved by them until our times.

Every region in Spain is rich in folklore, and there are collections going back even to the sixteenth century. In Leon Cathedral, for example, there is extant a book of religious songs of the eighth century which could elucidate many problems of musical history. In recent years music has developed considerably in Spain. Since Albeniz the Spanish school has become universally popular and each generation sees a number of composers whose music appeals to a wider circle. The big cities have good orchestras, and Catalonia and the Basque country produce excellent choral societies which are called *Orfeones*. At Madrid there is the National Quintet

which has won just celebrity for its recitals of ensemble music. Most of its concerts are given in one of the halls of the Royal Palace and transmitted by radio. The instruments used are the famous five which were made by Stradivarius for the Spanish court.

THE BASQUE GAME OF PELOTA

The game of *pelota* goes back to prehistoric times, and it must have roused passions in all periods of history. Ulysses, Horace, Virgil, Philip the Fair and Henry VIII played *pelota*, but we must believe that skill in the game consisted in throwing and returning a ball that was very inelastic. For the genuine *pelota* was invented by the Mayas of America, who made it of indiarubber, and we can well understand the admiration of the ancient Spaniards who saw these balls hop and bound with extraordinary resilience, contradicting all the laws of gravity.

In the Basque provinces the game of *pelota* became very popular in the nineteenth century and was profoundly modified. There are however several kinds of the game, and without doubt *largo*, which is played in the French Basque country and in Upper Navarre, is the most ancient game. Contrary to the modern games which are played on costly courts, all it needs is a piece of ground a hundred metres in length and a wall. It was, however, owing to the *ble* that the Basque game of *pelota* became popular and soon spread through all America and other continents. The *ble* is a wall which is at right angles to the *frontón* or back wall, and with these two walls many different kinds of shot may be played with the *pelota*. The clubs where professionals play are vast buildings; the *ble* may be from fifty to seventy metres long and at the opposite end to the *frontón* there is a third wall, which enables the game to be further developed. For the ball

must always rebound off the principal walls within certain limits, which are marked, and, as in tennis, it may only touch the ground once. It may, however, touch the other two walls, and sometimes, indeed, it skims the *ble*, thus complicating the game, and then it takes a good player to return it. The Basque game of *pelota* may be played in several ways; with the naked hand, but in courts of smaller dimensions (in the *trinquetes* there are four walls like the sides of a billiard table); with the *chistera*; with the *cesta*, and with the *pala*. The *chistera* is a long wicker basket with a deep pocket in which one catches the ball and then, after swinging it, returns it with incredible force. The *cesta* has no pocket, but one receives the ball at the top end and makes it run down the length of the basket, thus imparting greater force to the ball as one returns it. Finally we have the *pala*, the most rapid of all the games, which is played with a wooden racket. The balls rebound with such violence that the spectators have to be protected against them. For this reason in modern courts an immense wire netting separates the spectators from the players.

Long training is necessary for those who wish to play *pala*, and this game has reached a high degree of virtuosity. The traveller may any day of the week witness these games, as matches are arranged in the big cities of the Basque province and in Madrid and Barcelona. The players are professionals and the traveller should find out when the celebrated aces are taking part. In Madrid matches are even arranged at night.

On his first visit to one of these matches the stranger will be astonished at the noise he hears in the vast hall. This is due to the bets that are laid by the spectators through bookmakers, who incidentally possess powerful lungs; for, alas, the great attraction of *pelota* lies in gambling rather than in the sport itself. Thus as a background to the game we have a regular stock exchange, whose shares are only valid during

the game, which varies between forty and fifty points. There are generally four players, and they are divided into two sides, the Blues and the Reds. A few minutes before the beginning of a game one section of the public proposes a bet on the favourites and the money unit is the *duro*. This is the five-peseta silver coin which is the basis of American money, the *peso* in the countries of Spanish tradition, the dollar in the United States. Let us suppose that the Blues are the favourites and as such begin to win the first points. The bookmakers then initiate a bet which is more or less equivalent to 80 *duros* to 20. That is to say, if the Blues win, the man who accepted the bet and lost will have to pay 20 *duros*; if the contrary happens he will pocket 80. The house naturally claims a share of the money won as tax.

It may easily be seen that during the hour-and-a-half that a game lasts an incredible number of chances for betting may arise, for this is the only stock exchange in the world, as far as we know, where one bets on credit. When the game has no *vuelta*, that is to say, if the players keep all the time their relative positions unchanged, there is no excitement among the public. But if the favourites weaken or lose points, the 'Change alters its tactics, and the bet laid on previously may be reversed. Then those who have taken big risks on the earlier bet may cover themselves. As far as we know, Basque *pelota* is the only form of betting wherein one is bound to win if one knows how to bet on the two colours. This is impossible in other forms of gambling. And here there is no zero; and so the wise betting man will win, provided there is at least one *vuelta*, or stalemate, during the game and that he is willing to be satisfied with small gains, for he can only win the difference between the sum total of the various bets. When, however, the *vuelta* takes place during the final points of the game, the excitement of the spectators rises to a great

height, but ends suddenly at the end of the game with the triumph of one side and the discomfiture of the other. It is then that the losers settle their debts, and the fact that there are no welshers shows the good faith and honesty of the gamblers.

The Escorial and a bit of Castile

'The Christ of Great Power', by Juan de Mesa (1583–1627), San Lorenzo, Seville

A view of Ronda

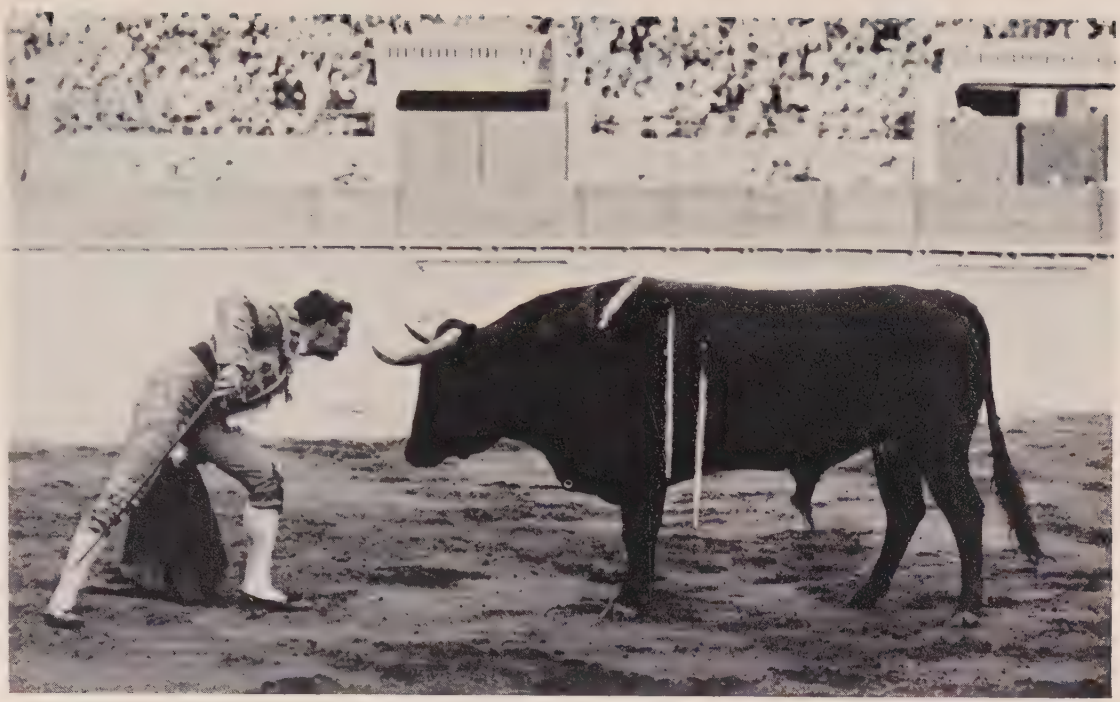
Cimborio, Old Cathedral, Salamanca

Village of Polensa, Majorca

The big square at Ecija

Horseshoe arch of Roman origin from hermitage of Quintanilla de las Viñas, near Burgos

'Elegant, rhythmic passes'



The matador faces the bull, looking deep into his eyes

Moorish influence

The Court of Lions, Alhambra, Granada

Sierra country near Gerona

A byway in Santander

The charming Santa Cruz quarter, Seville

Andalusian horsedealer

The Gypsy King of Granada

Feast of San Fermín in Pamplona

VI

THE BULLFIGHT

THE tradition of the bullfight is of great antiquity, though the paintings of bull scenes on the walls of the palace at Knossos, dating from 3000 B.C., have nothing to do with Spain. In the Roman arenas the bulls, it seems, only played a subordinate part and were used, like other wild animals, in gladiatorial shows. The Spanish bull of ancient tradition (Iberian figures, myths of Hercules) belongs to a special autochthonous stock, and has been selectively bred for centuries. It has in consequence preserved its fierceness and its habit of directly attacking any obstacle in its way. This suggested to Spaniards at an early date the possibility of pitting the bull against a man in single combat, if only the latter could move as rapidly as the beast. The early bullfights were held in the open country and on horseback. It was only at the end of the eighteenth century that men fought on foot, when the bull was put at a disadvantage and shut inside a ring.

In order to understand the significance of the bullfight, we must realize that the principal figure is not the man, however skilful he may be, but the bull. When we compare the breeding of bulls to that of race horses, we find that whereas we can more or less foretell the career of a thoroughbred, when one knows his pedigree, and judge his class from his training, we cannot do so in the case of a bull. A thoroughbred is ridden by a man and has only to race. A bull is let loose in the ring and is allowed complete freedom of action. But the breeder who has sold him to the manager of the bullring can only

guarantee the beast's stock, appearance and strength, for though he may have been lanced a few times in his second year, yet he has never been worked on with the cape. Being intelligent, and possessing as he does an excellent memory, he would learn only too soon that the scarlet cloth is a snare, and he would strike to the right or to the left at the man's body, thus making the sport a very dangerous one indeed. For this reason the bull must preserve his natural psychology without any experience. He must attack aggressively at the slightest provocation. This is the basis of the sport. Naturally no one can tell exactly how the beast will behave on his day of trial. His owner or the herdsman may have an inkling of his qualities and defects, but no one can tell exactly how he will react in the ring, for an animal may change his whole personality in a moment during the fight. For this reason there is always an element of uncertainty in a bullfight, not only on account of the bullfighter, who may or may not be off-colour, but especially on account of the bull; for if the latter does not play the game the fight is a failure and the spectators will have wasted time and money. It is thus the bull's psychology that increases the complexity of the *corrida*.

In ancient days the sport was practised in the country, and it was in the nature of a hunt. Bulls live naturally in herds and they vegetate peacefully, bending their necks to the ground, chewing and ruminating, and from time to time they raise their heads and gaze at neighbouring objects. In that state they are not dangerous, for they know by instinct that they are powerful and unattackable. Who would dare to face such a monster? In our days one could of course slay them with a machine gun, but formerly they were masters of the field. In the old days no preventive measures were taken to curb their ferocity, so that owners would see the herds depleted owing to the bloodthirsty quarrels that would break out in

the spring, when the males would fight one another for the favours of the females. Today when the bulls are taken out of the cages in which they are transported from one place to another they are so violent and nervy that sometimes they fight among themselves and injure themselves on the eve of a bullfight.

Bulls have special customs of their own which have not yet been fully studied, though such a work should be undertaken by a naturalist trained in animal psychology. Many fabulous stories have been repeated about bulls. For example, formerly it was believed that the bull was so noble an animal that he never attacked a man in the back, and would circle round so as to attack him face to face. Sometimes for obscure reasons a single bull may be sent to Coventry by the rest of the herd. As in a democracy, they may ostracize one of their number, and the latter will be condemned to live alone, like a hermit, outside the community. Then he becomes dangerous and it is he who terrifies the neighbouring populations; and it was these lonely beasts that the ancients used to attack on horseback.

Soon, however, we find small groups of sportsmen who rode so swiftly and effectively that they were able to beat the bull in speed, and were able to knock him over or kill him with a lance. These exploits first took place in the country, but then came the day when they were repeated before a public protected from the rough and tumble of the fight. It is not known exactly when the individual sport became transformed into a collective spectacle, but we find in the twelfth century that such spectacles were held to celebrate great feasts, as for instance in 1135 and 1144 when royal bullfights were held at Logroño and Leon. The first iconographic document we possess is of the thirteenth century. It is a magnificent manuscript of songs collected by Alfonso X and

is on view in the library of the Escorial. One of the miniatures shows a huge animal standing before a strongly protected platform from which the Royal Court witnessed the spectacle. That bullfight took place in Plasencia in Extremadura. Another miniature in the same manuscript shows a bull pursuing a man (perhaps a bullfighter) who takes refuge in the doorway of a house.

The transformation of a country into a town spectacle caused a great change in bull breeding. Suppose, dear reader, for the sake of argument, that you are the owner of a herd of bulls and that you are visited by an impresario who wishes to buy six of your bulls for a *corrida*. He has seen them in the distance through his binoculars and, if he cannot ride a horse, one of his men will go and choose the six animals he considers suitable for his purpose. How will you send the bulls to the ring? Can you lasso them? That is impossible, for fighting bulls attack and stand their ground; they do not run away. Will you try and hypnotize them with a flute like Orpheus, who was ingenuous enough to think that he could in this way charm his wife out of hell? Or will you imitate Hercules who knocked them on the head with his club?

Now this problem must have presented itself when the time came for bulls to be shut up in a field, and strength could not solve it but rather stratagem, as the wily Ulysses recommends. As these animals in groups are not dangerous, oxen are trained to deliver them up to their enemy, for the bull has sufficient intelligence to perceive certain details which, though trifling, may be disadvantageous to him and lead him to his ruin. One day, in his herd, he finds himself surrounded by peaceable companions whom formerly he has seen in the distance, or with whom he has chewed the cud. Why should he suspect them of evil intentions? If, luckless fellow, he had only developed his powers of psychological observation like

certain human beings, he might notice a touch of malice in these new companions. For indeed they are a contrast and rather laughable in appearance. They are fat, ungainly, yellowish-looking, and they have long horns. But our young fighting bull is too inexperienced to give due importance to such details, and he has not the sense to notice that they lack a certain organ which is certainly visible in bulls. Then, at a given moment when the sign is given, the oxen suddenly break into a gallop and the young bull gallops with them. He blindly follows his perfidious companions. Men on horseback accompany them but this does not frighten the long-horned beasts, for they are close acquaintances, and the group under the leadership of the stewards enter a laneway of palissades which leads to the cage. On gallop the oxen, followed by the black bull who, at the end, finds himself cooped up in a box which is conveyed by lorry to the bullring.

Formerly bulls did not travel in this way but were shut up in a courtyard, and at night the journey was made in several stages. A scout was sent on ahead to warn people of the danger that was approaching, and so they were given an opportunity of making themselves scarce. Then the group of men and animals galloped by out-of-the-way paths and roads towards the town where the fight was to be held.

The art of bullfighting, which must have continued unchanged until the eighteenth century, consisted mainly in the skill of the rider who had trained his horse to sidestep and manoeuvre artfully, and in the strength of his arm. A great deal depended, too, on the strength of the horse, which had to be about five or six years of age. Nobody today would be capable of giving such a performance. For this reason it was an excellent training for war. Mastery over the horse which quivered at the approach of the bull, skill in feinting, sidestepping, pliability of body, were all qualities that were

necessary not only in the sport but also in warfare. Up to the eighteenth century the lancer was the most redoubtable opponent on the field of battle. Also, on account of its costliness, cavalry has always been the appanage of nobility, who by force of circumstance engaged in a sport that not only gratified and won renown for them but also enabled them to train themselves for future wars.

In the eighteenth century many changes took place. The individualistic lancer, a relic of the Middle Ages, had disappeared, and was replaced by the squadron; the artillery had become the master of the battlefield, with the result that young men who wished to shine in the army found it more to their advantage to study mathematics than to train horses. The art of bullfighting, too, was very risky for a horseman. It was a dangerous sport which had lost all practical value, for it was not a necessity as in the sixteenth century. It was in fact a fancy sport which might cost a man his life. In such conditions amateurs were increasingly hard to find among the wealthy young men of the upper class. It was then that the lower orders of the people took possession of the sport and reorganized it.

The horsemen who had from the beginning fought the bull were now helped in their manoeuvres by men on foot carrying red cloths and by dogs. The dogs were set at the bull, to enrage him if he lacked ferocity; but then the spectacle was indeed a gory one, for the bull was bitten by the dogs that were not ripped open by its horns. This brutal spectacle soon fell into abeyance, and likewise the force of halberdiers armed with pikes which advanced *en masse* against the bull was given up. On the other hand the technique of the men on foot with their red rags advanced, and they manoeuvred the bull into situations where he could charge his opponent. They also were able to intervene effectively when a horse had been

touched and to draw away the animal from a bullfighter who had fallen in an exposed position. They also despatched with their swords the bulls that had been wounded. In this way they became more and more indispensable, whereas the horsemen, owing to lack of training or cowardice, became daily more unskilful. Towards the middle of the eighteenth century they began to distinguish themselves by their exploits in the bullfights. On 2 May, 1740, at Seville, Pepe de Ronda, the footman of Antonio Bertendono, killed two bulls with perfect art. The die was cast.

The aristocrat disappeared from the scene and the amateur horseman gave way to the professional picador, whose art no longer consisted in manoeuvring his horse in front of the bull, but in provoking the animal with his pick, which was so made that it only slightly wounded him. In this way the bull's rage was appeased and he was obliged to lower his head, thus making it possible for the matador to deliver his death stroke. At the end of the century, in the time of Goya, Costillares, Pepe Hillo and Pedro Romero gave the bullfight the form it has today and established its fixed ritual.

This evolution has taken place, as history teaches us, for the simple reason that diverse elements antagonistic to one another which happened to coincide became fused by experience into a single unity. In the country, bulls and horsemen when galloping could cover a great distance, but shortness of breath and weariness separated them. In the bullring, however, the struggle between the two main actors was bound to end in blood, for the beast was mortally wounded and sometimes, by clumsiness or by accident, the horse and the horseman were wounded likewise, but there was no method in existence that could turn the sacrifice into an apotheosis. Only the sudden death of the bull could give the sense of tragedy to the spectacle, but this was impossible

to achieve by a lance thrust delivered by a rider on horseback. (Nevertheless, the author has seen this feat performed on one occasion by Cañero with a *descabello*, which consisted in thrusting the sword, in this case the lance, between the horns of the bull and severing with one stroke his spinal cord. In this case the bull was only three years old).

The evolution of the bullfight from the eighteenth century to today has in consequence consisted in a refining process of technique, and in the imposition of severe rules aimed at preventing the bull from becoming the victim of clumsy or tricky bullfighters, with the result that, though the spectacle lost some of its sporting characteristics, it became more and more of an art. The dimensions and ferocity of the bull were sacrificed by allowing him to be fought in the ring at a younger age, and instead of the formidable fighters of a former age, who needed both muscles as well as skill, we find today bullfighters in whom speed and agility plays a more important part than physical strength. And so, under these influences, the bullfight has become more and more of a ballet in which the dancer risks his life, grazing the horns which rip and penetrate like daggers.

The bullfight is the only sport known to us that does not depend on authentic calculation. In the bullfight there are neither good nor bad points, and one of the difficulties the uninitiated spectator finds is to understand why the crowd whistles or applauds, especially when these shouts are hurled at the bull, not at the man. The spectacle, however, will become clear once we realize that the function of a *corrida* consists in the act of sacrificing a bull according to the canons of the art, that is to say, with fulminating suddenness. In order to achieve this the artist must lead the animal up to the fatal moment by a series of passes skilfully executed and adapted to the psychology, reflexes and movements of the animal.

The artist who is to deliver the fatal stroke is called *matador de toros* (killer of bulls); his comrades, each of whom has a part assigned to him in the tragic drama, are called *toreros*, not *toreadores* (this word is no longer used). But our hero may not kill the animal by spiking him as he would a pig. The bull must be sacrificed in such a way that the spectacle does not become mere butchery. If the gods are not favourable this, in fact, may happen in the following way. Fascinated by the man whom he still pursues in vain, wearied by the extraordinary efforts he has made (the short passes wear the animal down more than the wounds, and they would be dangerous for the man if he performed them with a big animal who had not been previously pricked by the picador), the bull adopts a characteristic stance. Facing the matador, he keeps his two front feet together and his two shoulder blades automatically move apart. In order that the bull's muzzle should be at the height required for the kill the matador manipulates with his left hand the red cloth or lure which is his defence. He has then only to aim carefully and direct the sword to the precise spot, that is to say, between the two shoulder blades, when it will pierce the heart and the bull will fall dead instantly.

But now note carefully the following point. If the matador followed this procedure and no more, he certainly would kill the bull, but he would find himself skewered on the horns of his opponent, for in order to thrust the sword home he has to extend his arm between the two murderous daggers and, moreover, the victim, seeing the man lunging in his direction, advances to meet him; but the matador, to avoid the threat, turns the bull aside to his right by moving the red cloth in his left hand in the same direction. The bull, hypnotized by the cloth, follows it and thus the clash between the two is avoided, and the left horn passes under the matador's right

arm. We thus understand how dangerous the kill is and how carefully it must be executed in all its details. Many bullfighters, and among them Manolete, have died because owing to carelessness, weariness or failure of their reflexes, they omitted to give, as they say in bullfight slang, an 'exit' to the bull.*

After these preliminary words of explanation it is easy to understand the spectacle of the bullfight which has evolved historically from the eighteenth century. At the same time as the lackey of the aristocratic knight began to play a dominating part in the bullfight, owing to his final sword-thrust which despatched the bull, we find in Andalusia the folk songs and dances of the Flamenco type in full vogue. The *sevillanas*, *seguidillas* and *boleros*, when accompanied by the infectious rhythm of the castanets, became the rage among all classes of society. Then the humble groom or lackey realized that if he wished to bring the bull into a position favourable to the kill he would have to initiate a series of passes, and adopt in fact an attitude similar to that of the dancer. And so through experience he began to find that if he imitated the hieratic style of the Andalusian dancers he would more easily be able to dominate the beast and bring him within his sway. If, on the other hand, through clumsiness or cowardice he gave way, he lost the rhythm of the passes and thus found it much more difficult to bring the animal into position for the kill. It was owing to these extraordinary coincidences that the humble groom or lackey became transformed into an artist, a bullfighter.

Then the *corrida* became again a noble ritualistic spectacle,

* According to Hemingway's glossary, *dar salidas*, 'to give exits', is to send the bull away from the man with the cloth at the finish of the pass. E. Hemingway, *Death in the Afternoon*, London, 1932. (Translator's note.)

as it had been in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The public in the ring were not merely fascinated by the killing of the bull, any more than a spectator goes to the theatre to see the last scene. Besides, we know that the final episode in the mounted bullfight was not a pretty sight. What fascinated the crowd was the spectacle itself: the tactics and stratagems, the passes, the advancing and retreating movements, the tireless onslaught of the bull, the placing of *banderillas* and all the other exciting incidents of the contest. The reformers had rejuvenated and embellished the bullfight. Bullfighters on horseback had been exciting to watch, but those on foot kept the crowd in agonies of suspense, for whereas the horse could beat the bull in speed the dismounted bullfighter had to remain rooted to the soil and face the onslaught. He seemed to the crowd more fragile than the horseman and his weapon, the red *muleta* or cloth, was but of scanty assistance to him if he lost his coolness.

During all the nineteenth century the manoeuvres prior to killing of the bull became still more important (and, we might add, the hieratic style of the bullfight influenced the Andalusian dancers). The *corrida* came to resemble more and more a ballet, and the style of each pass, the gestures, the dignity and elegance of the man as compared with the noble ferocity of the animal, all increased the aesthetic beauty of the spectacle. No doubt the episodes had to adapt themselves severely to the psychology of the bull, who is not to be seduced by the wiles of Terpsichore, but people began to applaud a successful bullfighter just as they would applaud a dancer who can perform to perfection an intricate step.

Little by little the public began to divide into factions, each of which had its own favourite bullfighters: those who excelled as fighters and killers and stood their ground, forcing the bull to come to them; or those who bewitched the animal

in serried combat, grazing the horns and yet embellishing their passes with unfailing elegance. Indeed, from the beginning of the nineteenth century up to our day the crowd has always been undecided whether to admire the fighter who excels in skill and elegance or the one who sacrifices the frills to efficiency in fighting. The former resembles a dancer and an aesthete; the latter a Hercules struggling against the elements. Naturally the supreme moments in bullfighting have occurred when the two styles fused together in the art of a bullfighter of genius.

The finest bullring in Spain is that of Seville; the oldest and perhaps the most picturesque that of Ronda in Andalusia. Some people are more impressed by the vista of the multitude in the ring than by the bullfight itself, for immediately to their mind come memories of the stories they have read of the Coliseum in Rome and the contests between the gladiators and wild animals. And as they observe more closely the incidents of the *corrida*, the parallel becomes still more striking, for popular clamour has been raised against the President who from his box directs the whole spectacle by means of strange signals, and spectators may call for rewards for the bullfighter by shaking their handkerchiefs, just as in ancient days the crowd in Rome showed their decision by the gesture of their thumb; and that gesture was a sure index of the climate of public opinion and was so considered by the magistrates who administered to the masses their *panem et circenses*.

We have known of instances in Spain when a bullfight opportunely arranged by the authorities could, like a *deus ex machina*, cause the breakdown of a general strike in a provincial town. The whistling, the organized *claques*, the excited cries, the satirical comments, the quarrels, show the stranger how strong are the links uniting the civilization of the Peninsula with that of ancient Rome.

At the exact hour the bugle gives the starting call and two men on horseback called *alguaciles*, dressed in the black uniform of a seventeenth century constable, ride into the ring to ask for authorization from the President to begin the *corrida*. Behind them the triumphal procession of matadors and their teams advances to the strains of a *pasodoble* played by the band. After they have saluted according to custom, the President throws the key of the *toril* or bullpen to one of the *alguaciles*, who has to be as skilful in catching it in his hat as a Basque pelota-player, for superstitious people consider it unlucky if it falls to the ground. A few moments later the bull dashes into the ring.

Snorting noisily, he charges the capes, and the bullfighters make him run, not only to put him out of breath, but because these few seconds of speed are extremely valuable for the matador who has to slay him, and for the connoisseurs in the crowd. For the first time in his life the bull finds himself isolated from his companions; he begins to realize that he is surrounded by danger, and it is then that he displays his own individual psychology. For this reason it is necessary in these fleeting seconds for the matador to recognize the animal's peculiar idiosyncrasies. Is he mettlesome and impulsive? And does he charge immediately? – a point which, contrary to appearances, is not always evident. Does he see well with both eyes? – a very important point, for a bull's defective eyesight may cost the torero his life. Has he a tendency to strike with the left or the right horn? Does he carry his head too high or too low? And a thousand other subtle points which pass unnoticed by the public, but which are carefully marked by the connoisseurs, and naturally by the bullfighters who are on the watch for the first sally of the bull; for they must choose their tactics and adopt their technique to the character of the animal. Indeed, the success of the whole spectacle

depends upon the skill with which these methods have been used.

Big, frisky bulls greatly impress the novices among the spectators, for they imagine that nobody can stand up against such a beast. Yet such bulls are the least dangerous, for the art of bullfighting is based upon the principle that a temperamental animal who charges continually, snorts and bellows loudly, is not a danger to the bullfighters, unless they lose their coolness and make a blunder or slip accidentally. The bulls that are dangerous are those who are inquisitive and wish to know what is hidden behind the red cloth; or else those who, when they enter the ring, note how the door is slammed in their face and keep engraved in their memory the exact place where they imagine the exit should be; or else those who hesitate before charging, scrape the ground with their hooves and move backwards instead of advancing in response to the torero. These are difficult bulls, for the matador has to expose himself in order to dominate them and, as they have saved up their strength by not attacking fiercely, they can precipitate themselves upon the man when he expects it least. It is, however, with difficult bulls that we can prove the true skill of a great bullfighter. The public should not allow itself to be led astray by the methods used in such cases by the matador, and it should be sufficiently versed in the art to recognize the correct tactics in the circumstances, and even to insist that they should be employed in cases where the matadors lose heart and try to finish off the bull by some unprofessional trick. Naturally in small villages where people only rarely have the opportunity of seeing bullfights and becoming acquainted with the technique, we do not find such a unanimous attitude among the spectators.

At last the matador, who is easily distinguished from the members of his *cuadrilla* or team by his richer costume, now

that he has made his diagnosis, advances slowly in order to bring his cape into play and 'fix' the bull. He therefore opens his cape and holds it by the top as though he were hiding behind it, standing upright with feet together and both arms horizontal, effacing himself after the bull's attack but manoeuvering the bull in such a way that he never loses sight of the cloth but turns and charges again and again. Each time the elegant, rhythmic passes become shorter and shorter so that, as the space diminishes, the bullfighter and the bull suddenly find themselves face to face. But the bull, wearied and hypnotized by the eyes and the voice of his vanquisher, stops short to recover his breath, and the artist, who has hardly moved and is not out of breath, haughtily and disdainfully turns his back on the beast and calmly walks away amidst the plaudits of the crowd, whose enthusiasm for the spectacle is roused when they see human intelligence triumph over brute force.

Now the picadors enter the ring. Truly this is the most painful moment of the modern bullfight, for the professional picadors, who are the degenerate descendants of the ancient knights on horseback, are unpopular with the crowd on account of their clumsy loutishness, and still more on account of their partiality. This criticism is perhaps unjust, for picadors practise an ungrateful profession and are not always responsible for the sins imputed to them. Barded in iron and padded, the picador has to withstand the full impact of the bull when the latter attacks the horse furiously, and he must dig his pick with its sharp point into the hump of the bull's neck, leaning upon it with his full weight, and at the same time he must steer his horse clear of danger. He must form one unit with his horse until the bull turns away from the horse and pursues the cape which the toreros in turn cast before him.

The object of the picador is to wound the bull superficially in order to force him to lower his head. As he has to receive

three jabs of the pick he naturally loses some of his energy, but the President has the power to augment or diminish the number of picks, according to the condition of the animal. It is right that the bull's fury should be diminished, but he should not be worn out, for in that case the matador would not be able to carry out the passes which are necessary as the prelude to the kill. In theory, as the bull is kept at a distance by the pick of the picador, the horse should have nothing to fear. In practice, however, owing to the clumsiness of the horseman, who would need to be of Herculean strength to resist the impact of the bull, the horse used often to be disembowelled and killed. During the nineteenth century, when bulls of five years were fought in the ring, they wrought havoc among the horses. When we are told of a magnificent bull who alone killed twenty-one horses, we can understand why it was not to an impresario's interest to give the picadors good mounts. He brought all the old hacks he could find and, the more decrepit they were, the more difficult was it for the picador to carry out his task. It was all a vicious circle and the spectacle suffered in consequence. Then about twenty years ago the authorities decided to pad the horse, but then it was the picador's turn to complain, for he had the greatest difficulty in keeping in the saddle, no matter how tightly he dug his knees into the flanks of the horse. The horse was preserved, but the picador was awkwardly situated for receiving the attack of his adversary, and though padded he was liable to very nasty tosses which left him at the mercy of the bull's horns. As a result the bullfighters had to pay special heed to his protection, for the hapless picador, once knocked out of his saddle, cannot get up and walk away unaided.

Today, however, it is the bull who is the real victim, for in order to carry out the present style of bullfight which fascinates the crowd, a style for which Manolete was mainly

responsible, it has been necessary to reduce the size of the bulls. For against big bulls no torero would dare to risk performing the embellished stunts which dazzle the public of today, though when exaggerated they are condemned by all true connoisseurs of the art. It has been, therefore, the custom of late years to send into the ring young bulls three years old who have been artificially fattened up, so that they may reach the weight stipulated by the regulations, but have not sufficient endurance. They are, in fact, still weak on their legs and are unable to withstand the three pick wounds, and consequently the impartial public, who in former days used to call for more horses in order to reduce the handicap in which the matador found himself when confronting a bull that was too strong for him, now take the side of the beast and turn against the picadors, and denounce the President of the *corrida* for not giving the signal for the change.

In order to place *banderillas* in the bull's neck one must be acrobatic and know how to wheedle one's adversary by feinting at the right moment. First of all, the torero draws the attention of his adversary by gestures and cries. For bulls, like well-bred people, are always inclined to answer when they are spoken to. The animal says to himself: 'What does so-and-so want with me?' And as he is impetuous, instead of looking and remaining still – which is what ill-bred people do – he advances. So does the torero, but cunningly swerves to the right or to the left according to the circumstances. Then the bull goes all out and charges, but the torero swerves still more and feints again skilfully, for the animal, now that he is racing at full speed, cannot alter his direction. The torero now jumps in front of the bull, raising his arms above his head, and with a swift and elegant gesture he sticks the darts high up on the bull's neck. The poor bull remains mystified.

There are many methods of placing these darts which are

pretty to watch, and when the matador is skilled in this art of *banderillas* the public clamour for him to place a pair, and the band plays. The matador, who knows what is expected of him, often places the *banderillas* near the side of the ring, or what is more difficult, *al quiebro*. When placing a pair *al quiebro* he does not run to meet the bull; instead he awaits the charging beast and, just when the latter is about to hook him with his horns, he performs a rapid feinting movement and throws the bull's horns aside, having stuck in his pair of darts. We should note that the torero has no defence except the *banderillas* themselves, which in expert hands can rout the beast. When the torero places *banderillas* in the middle of the ring he is generally covered by a man with a cape, just as in football a player is marked by one of the opposing team.

When the trumpets announce the final episode – the killing – the matador throws aside his cape and takes his sword and *muleta*, a scarlet cloth of serge doubled over a stick. He may dedicate the sacrifice of the bull to the authorities or to some member of the crowd with a few well-chosen words. He may even dedicate the bull to the crowd. He then goes out alone into the ring to face his adversary, though in the offing he has his team ready instantly to rush cape in hand to his assistance. Now begins the *faena*, the supreme moment in the *corrida*, when by a sequence of passes derived one from the other and linking up man and beast as two partners in a ballet, the bull may be manoeuvered into position for the deadly sword-thrust.

For the bull is now hypnotized and has lost his former strength and pride of race. He has become calm but not dulled in spirit, and though he is as dangerous as before, his impetuousness has diminished so that the man may measure his strength against him. The two may now begin a tragic dialogue, for one of them, the man or the beast, must die, and

many times it has happened that both adversaries died together in an apotheosis of blood.

Now is the moment for the torero to show to what class he belongs. Standing his ground firmly, he controls the beast, making him pass him and repass him with the red cloth caressing the animal's back from head to tail. The bull obeys automatically, then stops, and the matador then may, in front of the horns, turn on himself and like a dancer play with the *muleta* as a ballerina would with a garland. The beast, bemused, will lend himself to all the fantasy of the artist, who now multiplies his dangerous passes, following the statuesque *ayudados por alto*, in which the body is held erect and immobile, by the *naturales*, executed with the left hand, which are the most dangerous for the matador. And so the matador step by step brings his adversary to the final moment, and the effect of these passes has been to lower the head of the bull as though in expectation of the sword of sacrifice. So immobile is the beast now that the matador may kneel before him, cover with his hand the horns and even clear away the *banderillas* from his back with the point of his sword. So tender and lamb-like is the bull, so docile and obedient to the directions given by the *muleta*, that we would think that there was no danger for the torero who multiplies his passes with consummate ease. No mistake could be more patent. The bull bends himself to every fantasy, provided that the play is conducted according to the rules of art, that is to say, provided the tamer does not intrude in the territory of his adversary. Each preserves a space belonging exclusively to himself, but if the torero inadvertently penetrates his opponent's territory the result will be fatal, for our lamb-like victim has horns as sharp as daggers.

Nevertheless, we often find cases when the bull will not allow himself to be dominated. He will not pass, and the

torero waves the *muleta* in front of him in vain. Perhaps he is not of good stock – who knows? Perhaps the picadors have enfeebled him too much, or perhaps indeed the long-horned beast has kept his strength in reserve and is still too powerful to deal with. For that reason the red cloth does not appeal to him. We may even have a worse case, namely, when the beast is dangerous himself and has been inefficiently prepared. It is then that we may see the extraordinary skill of a great bullfighter, who faces the beast, looking deep into his eyes, speaking to him at length in a kind of dialogue, which remains a secret known only to the two adversaries. Patiently, courageously and skilfully he will secure the obedience of the bull, after moulding him with the continued passes of the *muleta*, as a sculptor moulds with his hands a mass of potter's earth.

But there are no more arabesques and embellishments of art. To become a genuine tamer and make himself master of the beast, the torero has only five minutes. For if he cannot kill him in the time, his position will be ignominious! The President would then signal for the bull to be returned to the stables. We should then see the steers appear and the bull would rush towards them. When, as sometimes happens, a distracted matador does not know what to do with his adversary, the tables are turned and it is the bull who dominates and plays with the man. A spectator who is new to bullfights then begins to understand what powers of control must be possessed by the matador, and, whether the *corrida* has appealed to him or not, he must at any rate admit that the spectacle he has witnessed was not commonplace, for the bullfight which is half sport, half ballet, is the poem of humanity. It teaches us that with but few elements at his disposal man, thanks to his intelligence, has managed to dominate the brute force of nature.

VII

POPULAR FESTIVALS

In the mosaic pattern of Spain there are surprising oases where the charm of nature harmonizes with the picturesque local customs handed down through centuries of Spanish tradition. There are processions following the ancient rites of the Middle Ages, as at Valdearce, near Roncevaux, where a hundred penitents march in procession to the sanctuary with their arms to all appearance crucified on a cross which is fixed to their shoulders. There are battles between Moors and Christians which are waged today realistically, as at Alcoy in the region of the Levante, a region where Berber African influence has been more lasting than in Andalusia; there are short pilgrimages to the local hermitages, such as the famous *Romería del Rocío* to Agramonte near Seville, which are made in carts drawn by oxen. Then there are the spiritual ceremonies of the Mystery Play of Elche, which are repeated yearly at the same date, with the same pomp, singing and machinery as in the Middle Ages. There are also festivals where the bulls are allowed to race through the barricaded streets as at Pamplona during the San Fermín; festivals of bread and cheese as at the little town of Quel in Rioja, where the members of a confraternity, in celebration of the multiplication of the loaves, throw from a balcony on to the crowd beneath a great number of baskets laden with loaves of bread and lumps of cheese. Every year at fixed dates the most weird and eccentric ceremonies are held in the big cities, the towns and most out-of-the-way villages and hamlets in the Peninsula. To

describe the local customs which are still spontaneously kept alive would require a large volume. Here we shall limit ourselves to describing the more important festivals which may be visited by everybody.

HOLY WEEK

Of all the popular festivals in Spain those of Holy Week are the most celebrated. As they are repeated year after year in the principal towns the traveller will have plenty of opportunity of seeing them during the Easter holidays, which is the best season for visiting Spain. They vary greatly, however, in different regions of the country. Speaking generally, with the exception of Seville and certain big centres in Andalusia the processions organized in the great cities are devoid of interest. It is the small towns and villages that have preserved the charm and atmosphere of the ancient days, and it is to these that the traveller should make his way at this season of the year. In the great cities the artistic side has been neglected as, for instance, in Madrid where the tradition was lost in the nineteenth century; but lately an attempt has been made to revive the processions and the result has been the appearance of hideous and grotesque pastiches of the antique. For this reason let the traveller have no illusions. All he will receive from such pageants will be the dust and kicks of jostling crowds who have gathered for a show. It happens by chance to be a religious procession, but it might just as well be a fair given free of charge to the populace. Nevertheless in Valladolid or in Murcia we may admire the masterpieces of Spanish polychrome sculpture – at Valladolid the works of Gregorio Hernandez and Berruguete; at Murcia, those of the great artist Francisco Salzillo. But when all is said, it is more profitable to admire them quietly in their museums.

The authentic processions of Holy Week take place in

Andalusia, and those of Seville are very beautiful. The crowd does not behave with the open-mouthed stupidity of those who witness, free, gratis and for nothing, a mediocre spectacle. As in the bullfight, the crowd plays an important part, for here there are no weird committees who pay vulgar cabaret singers exorbitant fees in order that they may sing *saetas*, those traditional improvised folk songs which are an abomination when sung outside Andalusia. In the wonderful atmosphere of the South it is the humble folk who sing these arrows of prayer, which are the prototype of folk poetry, wherein the singer must improvize a quatrain and modulate it vocally on the purest themes of *Cante hondo*:

Ya vienen las golondrinas
con su pico muy sereno
pa quitarle las espinas
a Jesus, el Nazareno.

(From all sides hasten the swallows
and each with beak serenely plucks
the thorns from the head
of Jesus the Nazarene).

The Andalusian processions have not the sense of iron discipline and geometry, nor have they the artificiality, of the ceremonies in Northern Europe which are in the memory of everyone. The festivals of Holy Week are typical of the land bathed by the Guadalquivir, and preserve traditions which go back to dim antiquity and are not the product of a fixed date in the calendar. The Andalusian processions, unlike all others, are the result of the efforts and enthusiasm of a whole year, and they originated in the customs handed down from the Middle Ages. In those days, when amusements were few and far between, the religious festivals made

a great appeal to the imagination of the people, and they thought and spoke about them for a long time before they took place and looked upon them as the great event of the year. Thus everywhere the corporations, brotherhoods and guilds of people engaged in the same trade, or linked together in the same confraternity, made it their charge to organize and defray the expenses of the spectacle, so that it might be as magnificent as possible. Today there are no longer guilds in Andalusia, but the confraternities, generally consisting simply of people who live in the same quarter of the city, have managed to maintain their traditions as an inheritance transmitted in the family from father to son.

And so the penitents wearing their high cowls, and the Roman soldiers, Jews and other acolytes, have not been recruited at the last moment at the expense of some syndicate or other, but are members of confraternities who gather subscriptions all the year round in order to add more prestige to their processions. Moreover they have as patron one of the figures of the Passion, or else for centuries past they have gathered round a statue of Our Lady or of Christ and act in rivalry with the other confraternities of the city. And the wealth they possess, which has led to many a misguided comment from those who ignore their history, is simply the result of a collective movement which has gone on for centuries and, with the exception of certain definite donations, represents the accumulation of tiny subscriptions given by the humble year after year. Naturally, the older the confraternity the richer it will be, and its obligations, as well as its privileges, are handed down from father to son.

We now understand why the most genuine processions are those of places where the confraternities have kept alive their old customs. Owing to the exquisite charm of tradition, the spectacle will not degenerate either into pretentious pomp

or into a carnival. For the crowd in the streets and the acolytes who march past, some carrying lighted tapers, others hooded as penitents, others again armed as centurions, are united by many bonds of family or friendship. This spontaneous link between the actors and the public allows them to express their social character in unhampered fashion. They stop and drink when they are thirsty, they greet the members of their family; one of the Roman soldiers has grown fat, and his friends smile, for he is not at ease in his tin corselet. It is known that another has paid for all the candles that are burning in honour of the Virgin, probably, as they inform us, because he wants to make up for arrears in the subscriptions he owes to Saint Peter. Finally, a member of the crowd, a gardener or blacksmith who hums snatches of flamenco while he works, finding himself in voice, or perhaps moved in his soul by the gilt of the *pasos* and the magic of the atmosphere, or perhaps emboldened by a few glasses of manzanilla, loudly breaks out into a *saeta*. Then, as though by order, the whole procession halts and there is silence while the lonely singer continues his improvization.

The *saeta* is not uttered to implore favours from heaven, nor is it addressed by the people as a kind of lottery to their patron saint asking for three favours, one of which he will surely grant. The *saeta* has a folk basis, but a mythical one as well, and it is, moreover, an Andalusian prayer, for it is the custom among Andalusians to pester the women they meet in the street, not to ask them anything, but simply to pay them a compliment, which will produce all the more effect if it is deserved. And so, with the exception of the *saetas* addressed to Christ, which may at times be couched in tragic vein, the *saeta* is generally a compliment addressed to Our Lady, who will certainly not be offended, for though she is the Queen of Paradise she is a woman and moved by phrases

that are well turned, and this is a special talent of the Andalusians.

We should, therefore, hear a popular *saeta* at the corner of the street, under a starry sky. In front of us is the forest of flickering candles of the *paso*, and the overpowering perfume of masses of jasmine intoxicates, and so also does the mass emotion of the crowd that surrounds us. At times the song is pure and soars to heaven instantly, and for this reason it is called a *saeta*, an arrow, but an arrow that will not fall to earth, for the poignant emotion of the singer has already captured us as well as the crowd, and such moments do not fade into oblivion.

When the processions parade in front of the City Hall, where the authorities and the distinguished visitors are gathered, they become solemn and dignified, and this dignity is kept up during the procession through the monumental Cathedral. This requires a great effort, for the *pasos*, which are carried on the shoulders of about fifty of the confraternity, are heavy and advance with halts every fifty yards.

But where you should see the *pasos* is when they lose themselves in the labyrinth of narrow Seville streets and the gigantic figures graze the walls as they advance. It is in these byways that you will hear the genuine *saetas* and among a bustling crowd that you will learn the true significance of the whole festival.

It is a lesson in the human brotherhood which should exist among men and which cannot be imposed by law or the word 'fraternity' written on a wall, but only by the sentiment which unconsciously suggests itself in the atmosphere of the city. For Andalusia, that product of ancient civilizations, knows the secret of harmonizing the human and the divine in a natural and spontaneous act which has nothing hieratic or savage about it, nothing that is false or exaggerated. It may

shock some and amuse others to see a tavern stormed by a crowd of centurions, penitents and carriers of *pasos* with their pads still on their heads, sacristans and deacons in their chasubles, all eager to quench their thirst. But a sensible man will agree with the rest of the people of the country that this is perfectly natural. The procession has a long road to travel as though by fits and starts. The *pasos* of Christ or the Virgin which have left their church at one or two o'clock in the morning, according to the pre-arranged time-table, in order to avoid traffic blocks, will not return until nine or ten o'clock. And the carriers of the *paso* need to refresh themselves from time to time.

Furthermore the tourist must not forget that he only sees a tiny portion of the spectacle. When in daylight *El Greñudo*, the Christ of a poor confraternity mostly composed of gypsies, returns to Triana across the bridge spanning the Guadalquivir, the *paso* may possibly sway from port to starboard like a ship in a storm; but do not fear – there will be no shipwreck. Thanks to the skill of the brothers the processional figure will reach the church safe and sound.

We might compare the procession of the *pasos* to similar ceremonies in certain regions in India. But what can there be human in such spectacles, where fanatics cast themselves on the ground to be crushed by the monstrous moving altars? Where is the poetry in those cold geometric and automatic ceremonies, where the participant seems to belong to a machine rather than to an association of human beings?

It is chiefly in the tiny localities that we find the most charming ceremonies, for these little Andalusian hamlets leave an unforgettable impression upon our minds, because their crowds seem to be part of nature herself. The night there is more fragrant, the flowers more intoxicating, even the stars seem to shine more brightly. Thus the spectacle,

which possesses a definite primitive and rural character, becomes thereby more solemn and dignified and stamps itself more profoundly in our memory. He who has had the privilege of seeing the procession of the little town of Arcos de la Frontera, or Ecija, where they make the Blessed Virgin dance before the visitors who are friends of the confraternity, will never forget the experience.

THE FAIR AT SEVILLE

With the object of combining the divine with what is pleasant as well as useful, every year it is customary to celebrate in the towns and villages of Spain religious and profane festivals in honour of the patron saint of the locality. After performing a certain number of spiritual exercises which will satisfy the consciences of all and sundry, and after having negotiated a few business transactions which will, we are sure, conform to the good intentions they have made in church, the people resolve to celebrate the money they have earned and the indulgences they have gained. The joy which Spaniards feel in being part and parcel of a millenary civilization reflects itself in these vivid festivals and fairs which are one of the great charms of the country. The traveller who takes part in the Holy Week celebrations in Andalusia may also attend the Fair which is held at Seville from April 18 to 21. In Andalusia a *feria* is a fair in the strict sense of the word, with exhibits of all kinds from barnyard fowls to the noblest thoroughbreds. Right up against the market where the regional produce is displayed we find the huts of professional jugglers, dwarfs, women snake-charmers, minstrels and sword-swallowers; from there we pass to the *Real* of the *Feria*, where the smart people, perched above the crowd in their stands amid a profusion of plants and flowers, are on show and the cynosure of neighbouring eyes; thus seated in

state, they consume innumerable libations of the golden wine of the region.

A fair in Andalusia thus, generally speaking, consists of rows of brilliantly coloured booths where the most distinguished families of the region, the clubs and associations of all kinds, hold their court all at the same time. There they dance and drink spontaneously, just as if they were at home, but in public, for each booth is in full view of the great crowd which passes by on the outer walk. Good humour is the order of the day: the young girls wear the traditional Andalusian costumes that have been popularized by the dancers, and from time to time the guitars thrum and the *sevillanas* and *boleros* follow one another in quick succession.

In the morning we go to the *Real* for our apéritif. Every good horseman wears the short jacket of country fashion, and takes on the back of his caparisoned horse a young girl whose long dress is draped over the animal's hind quarters, and off he rides to parade before his friends, for he is proud of his partner, though perhaps he may be still prouder of the horse he is riding. What an opportunity for people who own an old carriage! If it is still in existence they drag it out and harness it, and there are still families who parade in magnificent vehicles drawn by mules all gaily bedizened in red, with rosettes and little bells that tinkle as they pass.

When night falls the fête is in full swing and the trees of the park give it protection, and the whole scene is a riot of variegated lights. The guitars and castanets sound on all sides. The visitors glide from booth to booth chatting interminably, dancing, flirting with the pretty girls, and offering libations to Bacchus, who is the true master of ceremonies. His singer Anacreon could chant his praises to the accompaniment of exquisite arpeggios on his lyre, but libations made with sherry or manzanilla are pretty sure to bemuse the brains of those

with too many friends without making them any less fond. For everything in Andalusia invites to love, and if the little blind god does not reign there as absolute tyrant it is not the fault of nature, but of the other passions which compete with Cupid, such as alcohol, prejudice, avarice, envy – in fact, all the absurd little complexes which men delight in inventing in order to complicate their existence.

SAN FERMÍN AT PAMPLONA

Like all the *ferias* in Spain that at Pamplona is celebrated for the enormous gusto of the crowd, who drink, dance and sing, and in the early morning race in front of the bulls who are loosed from their pens to dash through the barricaded streets to the bullring, where they will be sacrificed in the afternoon. The festivals of San Fermín are not suited to one of contemplative mind, and sensible people who wish to sleep and eat at regular hours generally make it their business to be absent during those days of joyous celebrations. And you, dear reader, if you wish for an exact time-table in your habits, if you do not want to lose a jot of your dignity, I pray you do not allow yourself to be tempted by curiosity. Flee from San Fermín as you would from the plague. You might get your feet crushed. Besides, you can visit Navarre and its capital, with its magnificent Gothic cathedral, monuments and treasures, when it has returned to its calm, provincial, daily existence.

If, on the other hand, after a searching examination of conscience, you believe you can let yourself be carried away by life's impulses, do remember that you need, in this test, to rely above all on the lightness of your person and the speed of your feet. Supply yourself with white hempen sandals with long red laces, a pair of trousers of white linen and a red handkerchief. Your own shirt will do. Mellow your

throat with strong red wine, join the crowd . . . and let yourself go.

The chief spectacle is the *encierro* of the bulls early in the morning. Formerly at dawn, today at an hour more suitable for the local connoisseurs and for tourists, a rocket is let off as a signal and the bulls are set free. They rush straight through the barricaded city, for every passage has been blocked except the road which they must take in their race towards the ring. Through this little experience you may with ease attain the heights of philosophy and learn – perhaps at your own expense – the relativity of time and space. If you find yourself on the other side of the barricades, you will imagine that the seconds ticked by your watch are the same; but if by chance, when the rocket is fired, you find yourself within the barricade and in the direct way the bulls will travel, you will imagine that the metres of your road have no relation to the metres you trod beforehand and the seconds marked by your pulse will seem hours in length. The solemn fact is that the bulls are right upon you.

The worthy people who do not believe that they can compete with the long-horned beasts are already stamping impatiently on their balconies or in their places behind the barricades, or in their seats in the bullring. The connoisseurs and *aficionados*, who are more or less handicapped by a night spent in sentimental memories or in a rousing spree, in accordance with their confidence in their running powers or in the generous magnanimity of Saint Fermín himself, who protects them from his seat in heaven, scatter themselves along the route. Nobody, of course, would dare to compete with their long-horned rivals at scratch, that is to say, wait for them at the entrance of the city. The reckless spirits, therefore, take up their position in the middle of the course. And so, by a system of priority due to skill or else self-confidence, a long

line of runners stretches right to the gates of the bullring where the barricades form a small square. There, close beside the place of refuge (eagerly coveted later on), we find the more timid spirits, the fat fellows, the pals of Bacchus, the bald men, the pot-bellied fraternity, the inquisitive, the shortlegged – in a word, the cream of local society, the bigwigs.

As the signal has been given, all await with beating hearts the moment for taking refuge in their seats in the bullring. It would, however, be unbecoming to be the first to take cover, especially as the whole group, by a strange imitatory reflex, is ready to bound for cover at the slightest pretext, no matter how loud the laughing comments of the general crowd of spectators, who are delighted to see no enemy in sight and have the opportunity of measuring the fear of the bigwigs by their own cowardice, they themselves being snugly protected behind the wooden planks.

The bulls, however, in spite of their short legs rush on like a thunderbolt. No sooner have the advance guard of runners seen them in the distance than they race away for dear life with all the speed of Pyrenean mountaineers. And then all the line of runners stretched along the route contracts like an accordion. Only the bigwigs challenge the gods and stick to their position by the gates to the bullring, for they have their point of honour and it would be unseemly to enter too precipitately the temple of the bull cult. And so all wait with pounding hearts.

The speediest runners keep ahead of the bulls, who are enclosed by a team of steers, and they in turn are harassed by the herdsmen who run behind them with the object of preventing any bull with dangerous horns from lagging in the rear. The group of bulls forges ahead like an avalanche. God help the drunkards or those who slip, totter or jostle one

another! Some seek refuge in a doorway, others try to slip under the barricades, another is caught up and lifted bodily over the palissade to safety by a group of spectators; another crouches in a corner, praying with all his soul to Saint Fermín. The herd of bulls passes like a streak of lightning.

The bigwigs still remain in their position before the wide open gates of the bullring, but they are now excited and anxious. There have been a number of false alarms, much to the amusement of the public, but the pot-bellied band has with admirable discipline reformed its ranks and the seconds fly rapidly. Suddenly there is a murmur in the distance, which grows instantly into a thunderous roar and a wild crowd of white runners, all of them wearing red handkerchiefs and red sandals, breaks into the little square like a mountainous tidal wave. The bigwigs all intend to dash within the gates of the ring, but the bulls have already arrived. In their astonishment and dismay they instinctively cling together and try to force their way onwards into the ring. Do they not take precedence? Are they not the chief actors in this festival? But, alas, Saint Fermín never performs the miracle of widening at the crucial moment the entry through which the bulls must pass. Hundreds of people have raced, but running is of no avail; one must start in time. Someone has tottered and fallen; others fall on top of him: a writhing mass of struggling human beings lies on the ground obstructing the way . . . what will happen? Somebody of high repute should pull Saint Fermín by the sleeve up there in heaven, saying: 'Come now, once more, it is *your* festival: perform a tiny miracle, just one more!' But here are the bulls, winged like thoroughbreds in a horse show: they jump over the people, they bellow and trample, but they manage to squeeze their way into the ring and make for the stables. There must have been some casualties in that scuffle in the way of bruises, scratches

and strains, but nothing serious. And so everyone sighs with relief and the festival starts afresh.

Sometimes Saint Fermín up above in heaven will pay no attention, no matter how energetically you pull his sleeve. In that case the *encierro* of his faithful flock may turn to tragedy. Surely he has his reasons. Probably some rash man has used an insulting word about him, or someone else must have applied foul epithets to the celestial band on high. The fact is that, whether due to his bad temper, his suspicious temperament or because, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, he wanted to see the shop windows, one of those gentlemen with the long horns did remain behind, in spite of the efforts of the domesticated steers and the remonstrances of the herdsmen, who do their best but can only curse him from a distance in a language which, luckily, the gentleman does not understand. It would indeed be a mistake if, because Saint Fermín has a fly in his ear, several bulls were to stay behind, for those bulls would then become extremely dangerous. But for the fact that they are young and lack stability, and are dazzled by a noisy spectacle to which they are unaccustomed, the festival would end in a veritable catastrophe. There is, moreover, plenty of room for rashness and it takes but a split second for a bull to gore a man. Two or three years ago one of those bulls who lagged behind in the *encierro* laid low three of the runners.

THE MYSTERY OF ELCHE

It is one of the few examples of a mediaeval mystery play which has survived until our days. Not only do we possess the actual cumbrous stage machinery of one play, which has been kept in the Church of the Ascension in Elche (the church was burnt during the Civil War but has been rebuilt), but we also have the recitatives and the music which date from the four-

teenth century. Upon this primitive basis the masters of the sixteenth century grafted a polyphonic structure. The text is written in old Valencian dialect and it fuses with the ancient Gregorian chant and troubadour melodies, thus producing an incredibly beautiful effect.

The Mystery Play of Elche is represented in two episodes during the two afternoons of August 14 and 15, unfortunately in a period of hot weather which does not encourage the attendance of foreign visitors. At nightfall of August 13 the inhabitants of the town, which is enclosed by a forest of over 80,000 date-bearing palm trees, gather on the terraces and flat roofs of their houses with a good supply of *sandías*, which are big juicy water-melons with pulp the colour of wine lees. Now these Levantine people have customs that recall those of the Berbers, and owing to racial atavism or tradition (the Levantines were the inventors of artillery) they adore the sound of fireworks. When midnight strikes on the great clock in the Town Hall the lights go out and a gigantic fire cracker is let off in honour of the Assumption of Our Lady. After this there is a veritable orgy of fireworks, for every house contributes its quota, and amid this deafening charivari the inhabitants eat their water-melons.

The representation of the sacred play is traditionally held in the Church of the Ascension, which is transformed into a theatre. The cupola of the church is covered within by great hangings which represent the starry sky, and from the cupola descend certain structures such as the gigantic golden pomegranate (the characteristic fruit of Elche) and the *araceli*, or sky-altar, bearing the celestial personages. These comings and goings between heaven and earth have always dazzled the spectators, in spite of the legitimate nervousness of the seraphim and archangels who have to trust their lives to the traditional machines and pulleys; but it was this

fantastic staging of the play, leaving a rural audience open-mouthed, that ensured its continuity. For all loved the spectacle and in their simple ardent faith they looked upon the solemn descent of the heavenly personages as a kind of promise of eternal life hereafter. Under the cupola a vast stage is set above the spectators and linked with the door of the church by a sloping platform called the *andador*. Up this platform the actors of the play pass singing and declaiming their parts. The representation begins with the lamentations of Our Lady who weeps for the loss of her Son. After this sad chant the heavens open and the golden pomegranate descends. It opens up and an angel announces that Our Lady must prepare herself to leave this wicked world and to mount to Heaven. But Mary before dying wishes to say farewell to the Apostles of Jesus. The church dignitaries who take part in the representation cannot but obey this injunction, and they thus go in pilgrimage to fetch the Apostles, who are in the neighbouring hermitage of Saint Sebastian. This gives the opportunity for a picturesque procession. Finally the Apostles arrive, though slowly, for the heat is very great. Saint Thomas arouses laughter in the naïve audience; he arrives late and makes excuses saying that he has been in far-off India and had not heard the sad news. After diverse incidents Our Lady dies, and by a clever piece of staging the little boy playing the part disappears, and a statue of the Virgin is substituted and carried up to Heaven by a priest in the *araceli*; and at the end a rain of gold dust falls on the crowd below.

THE REGATTAS AT SAN SEBASTIAN

The Basque coast has produced a race of sailors celebrated in history, and in their whaling expeditions they reached America long before Christopher Columbus. Ever since, they have taken part in all the maritime expeditions of Spain and

their fame does not need any propaganda, for they are a truly remarkable race of mariners. The author, however, does not apply this epithet to them owing to an exaggerated love for his own native country. The sailor, like every biological group, is the product of his geographical surroundings and there are few places in the world where the sea is so dangerous. The Bay of Biscay, between Cape Machichaco and the Adour, is wide open to the Atlantic Ocean in the north-westerly direction, and consequently the billows of the undersurge have travelled nearly two thousand miles before they break on the cliffs of Socoa and Jaizquibel. There are few sea shores so closed in, as we may understand when we see its outline on the horizon. The impression it produces upon a navigator in a rough sea is depressing, for he cannot find refuge anywhere. He has to put out to sea and struggle against the waves to avoid being dashed against the rocks, and he must make for the distant ports of Bordeaux or La Coruña if he can.

This is all due to the fact that the Pyrenees and, further on, the Cantabrian Mountains descend abruptly into the sea, and this fact is exaggerated by an optical illusion created by the mountains themselves. The traveller coming from distant lands would never suspect as he approaches this coast, which rises like grim fortifications from the sea and shows only a few white houses scattered here and there, that hidden away by nature are magnificent *rías* or fjords, like that of Pasajes, and that behind the deserted coast hills lies a densely populated industrial region.

The fishermen in ancient times employed long narrow rowing boats, which they called *traineras*, and these were tapered so as to be able to work up speed when the bad weather, like a stage ghost, suddenly appeared on the horizon out of the western sky. As is customary in coastal populations,

on certain feast days in summer they hold regattas to show off the training of the crews and in this way win the admiration of the principal villages of the coast.

Furthermore, a Basque loves to lay a bet. When he plays *pelota* he bets, when he holds a contest of rams, he bets; when he takes part in competitions with his fellow peasants to see which bullock will carry an enormous squared stone the greatest distance, he lays a wager. Often you will meet eccentric bookmakers who invite you to put money on the strangest bets, such as who will eat more than a dozen eggs at a time, who will drink the greatest amount of cider, who will cut down the greatest number of tree trunks, or who will reap the greatest number of fields. And as you may well imagine, he will bet on the winner of the great regattas of rowing boats, which are held nowadays on the first two Sundays in September.

It is remarkable that a man of the sea, a fisherman, should take part in such a competition, for we must remember that he is not the recipient of a salary but is the owner of his own industry and means of livelihood; and, moreover, he and his family possess a primitive psychology which, at times, makes them inclined to brood over their misfortunes. Indeed the regattas of rowing boats frequently show the sad condition of a man who can see no further than his own nose, and is devoid of the critical sense which would enable him to assess at their true value the things that concern him closely.

Everyone knows that a sailor, owing to his profession, is the worst administrator in the world, all the more so because each winter he risks his life in his struggle with the ocean. Certainly, conditions of life have changed since the old days when fishing was done in the rowing boats, but the same psychology has lasted on in the little fishing villages where even the long voyages in big trawlers have not changed the

mentality of these primitive seafarers. Hence, when the day comes, these men bet on the triumph of their own crews. Of course, they cry, the best oars come from my village, whether it is Fuenterrabía, Orio or Ondárroa!

And the wretched man gambles in an instant all he had laid aside for the winter months when the weather will be too bad for him to face the ocean.

Now in the great stock exchange which is created as a result of the thousands of bets there are certain astute fellows who know perfectly well the physical condition of the various teams that will take part in the struggle, and there are also fools who risk their livelihood in bets that have no sense, for everyone more or less knows the favourites who have most chances of winning the race.

Naturally, in the end man learns through sad experience, and there is no doubt that lately local patriotism, as far as rowing races are concerned, has fallen considerably. But one should have been present on one of the little boats at the titanic struggle on which the crews have staked all their savings, to understand the scenes of despair that break out when a family finds itself ruined. The men remain grave and impassive, for doubtless they feel that the sea is watching them, and they would be ashamed to show it their weakness. But the women lose all restraint: they tear their hair, utter piercing cries, roll on the ground. It is then that we have a glimpse of genuine human passion, which is that of primitive man: it is then that we understand the realism of Greek tragedy, its chorus, its furies, its Bacchantes, as we witness the despair of those simple souls who lose all reserve, just as nature does when a hurricane breaks without warning.

The regattas of rowing boats which are held in San Sebastian are very severe athletic competitions. Indeed, not many rowing regettas can be held at sea, for the skiffs and

light boats would be smashed up by the waves and their rolling seats would come undone.

What are needed are surf-boats, but of sufficient strength to stand a certain amount of swell. The rowing boats start off in the bay of the Concha and travel the distance of an English mile-and-a-half, after which each boat has to tack round a buoy and return to its point of departure. The whole course is covered in about eighteen minutes, varying according to the category of the teams, the wind and the current.

There are thirteen oarsmen and the *patrón* or captain, and it is he who times each stroke, steering the boat by means of a long oar, for he must assist the rapid buoy tack, which is of 180 degrees. On the morning of the race several thousand spectators gather at various strategic points, and the black serried crowds on the green slopes of the hills give the whole bay the appearance of a vast amphitheatre rising tier by tier. In the sea a long wide passage is made by the two thick lines of boats of all sorts and sizes which have come from every part on the coast. These have good places, but the most favoured spectators of all are those whose boats are in the open sea, for they can follow the incidents of the race close at hand. The sight is a magnificent one. On land there will be great excitement when the boats finally enter the bay, and to those at sea the clamour from shore will sound like a distant storm, especially if there is an even contest. The spectators, however, are separated from one another over a great space, and the minutes of expectation seem eternal. The view from the open sea is far more impressive, for we can follow the efforts of the different teams as the sharp prows of the boats cut through the waves, and we witness the excitement of the oarsmen, who in contact with the sea shed the veneer of civilization which belongs to life on shore with its collars and ties, and return to the primitive ruggedness of their

ancestors. It is a wonderful sight to see the four *traineras*, crested on a long wave, entering the bay of San Sebastian. All the oars move exactly in time with the bodies of the men, who bend and stretch as they accelerate the rhythm, and their arms seem to be magically prolonged in the sea in silver furrows.

VIII

A LITTLE MEMORANDUM

THERE are many excellent guide books in existence which enable tourists to visit the most important places in the various regions of Spain. They contain useful information concerning transport, time-tables, etc. The agencies of the Spanish *Patronato de Turismo* also supply gratis excellent little pamphlets on each locality giving all the up-to-date indications which the traveller may need.

Our object in this chapter is to point out briefly works of art and picturesque corners which might, for some reason or another, escape the notice of the traveller. One example will suffice to explain our purpose. Everyone knows that at Madrid he should visit obvious places such as the Prado Museum, the Royal Palace, and San Antonio de la Florida. We shall not, therefore, speak of them; but few travellers think of visiting the house of Lope de Vega, the great contemporary of Shakespeare, who died in 1635. It has been restored as it was in his lifetime, with most of his household furniture. This is certainly one of the places that the thoughtful traveller should not neglect. For that reason we mark it.

THE BASQUE COUNTRY

You may enter the Basque country by the coast road (this is also the railway route) or by one of the different passes through the Pyrenees. The most celebrated road is the ancient way of Saint James. By that road you reach Ibañeta, at a

height of 3,382 feet, after a climb of twelve miles, and then reach Roncesvaux.

Roncesvaux. The monastery, which was destroyed during the Napoleonic wars and has been restored at various times, has little character, but in ancient days it must have been fortified, owing to its strategic position on the Spanish frontier. It is worth while to visit the tomb of the founder, Don Sancho of Navarre, who was a giant, and to look in the Treasury at the famous set of chess men in transparent enamel of the fourteenth century. The Gothic church, which has been recently restored, is an impressive building.

Pamplona. You must not forget to see, when you visit the Cathedral, the Gothic cloister which is considered one of the most beautiful in Spain; also the curious kitchen with five fireplaces and the refectory which belonged to the hostel of the pilgrims of Saint James. There is also one unique treasure in the world preserved here, namely the coffer of Almanzor of the twelfth century, a marvellous example of Andalusian workmanship in ivory. Observe the general style of this work of art which reproduces human figures, and which differs from similar oriental works. Pamplona also preserves one of the most important documents of English history. In the archives of the *Diputación*, which are exceedingly important, you will find a manuscript of the twelfth century, with beautiful miniatures belonging to John Lackland, which describes the ceremony for crowning the Kings of England.

The Castle of Olite. Thirty miles from Pamplona. According to the documents of the period, this was one of the finest palaces in the West. Dating from the fifteenth century, it was the residence of the Kings of Navarre, and it remained

more or less intact until the wars of Napoleon, when it was sacked. After the guerilla chief Mina had melted down the lead of the roof to make bullets, the Castle fell in ruins. It is in process of reconstruction. Above the hanging gardens which protected the court against the hardships of the sieges in war time we find the finest Gothic style mingled with the most beautiful arabesques of Andalusian art.

Little Towns in the Upper Ebro. They are charming and possess numerous interesting civil and ecclesiastical buildings of the Middle Ages. We recommend especially Estella, Santo Domingo de la Calzada, and La Guardia. There is a very picturesque mountain road linking Alsasua (between San Sebastian and Vitoria) and Estella, and you may return by La Guardia and Vitoria if you do not want to leave the Basque country.

San Miguel in Excelsis. This is one of the most ancient hermitages in Navarre, perched at a height of 4,160 feet in the abrupt Sierra de Aralar. There is a magnificent view over the Barranca. There is a wood of beeches over a hundred years old, but you can only go there on foot. The easiest plan is to take a car to Madoz near Irurzun, on the road from San Sebastian to Pamplona. The road, by the way, rises to a height of 3,200 feet. Leave the car at Madoz and set out for the sanctuary of San Miguel. It is a delightful walk through the woods and will only take three hours at moderate pace. Good walkers may prefer to start from Leccumberri and walk through the forest. Those who wish to ride on mules may reach the sanctuary from Echarri-Aranaz, a station on the railway from Pamplona to Alsasua.

Why make such an effort to reach this sanctuary? In any case the excursion itself is delightful. When you reach the

little hermitage, where you may sleep the night on mattresses and obtain food (the inn has been burnt), your compensation will come when you discover the most beautiful example of ancient enamel work in the world. It must be of the eleventh or twelfth century and is two-and-a-half yards long and about three-and-a-half feet high. Some authorities hold that the work is of French, others of Spanish workmanship. In any case the Persian and Byzantine influences are very strong.

The Basque Coast. We must impress upon the traveller at the outset that he may drive round the Peninsula in his automobile by the coast road. It takes time, but he may then observe what a striking difference there is between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean coasts; the Spanish Basque riviera compares with any other in picturesqueness, and the abrupt cliffs rising from the sea are most impressive. The coal deposits between Zarauz and Guetaria may dirty your car, but it is worth the risk, for the little fishing villages are full of character, especially Guetaria, the birthplace of Elcano, a subject of Charles V who was the first to sail round the world. Fuenterrabía you should visit during the festival of September 8, when the little local army of grenadiers in shakos parades accompanied by beautiful canteen girls; and there is Motrico and, above all, Ondarroa, which at high tide is surrounded by water. Zarauz possesses a magnificent strand which is crowded in the season with fashionable people from Madrid.

Little Towns of Guipúzcoa. With their massive Basque style of building they possess a certain charm, but most of the houses only date from the eighteenth century. Their carved coats of arms and their wrought-iron balconies give a picturesque note. To the historian they suggest chocolate,

for it was that product from America which created their wealth in bygone days. So true is this fact that not so long ago we could still smell in the streets the scent of cocoa flavoured with cinnamon. Today big metallurgical industries have been established there. The most remarkable town is Oñate, where you may visit the ancient university. It still preserves a certain stateliness though it has been abolished, and in one of its laboratories in the eighteenth century wolfram was discovered. The neighbouring town of Vergara with its old houses is worth visiting.

WEST ATLANTIC COAST

The West Atlantic Coast conveys a different impression to the Basque country. The horizon grows broader, the valleys are larger and the Cantabrian Mountains higher (the Cerredo peak reaches 8,134 ft.). Alpinists may make an expedition into the Peaks of Europe, as they are called, from the picturesque little village of Potes. Here you may hunt the *capra hispanica* in its reserves, and you may also fish salmon. Travellers should never forget that Galicia is one of the most rainy districts in Europe.

Santillana. A charming little town, less primitive in appearance than the Basque villages of the eighteenth century. Here you must visit the thirteenth century Colegiata which is Romanesque in style. There are also beautiful houses among which we should note the palace of the Mendoza family.

The Caves of Altamira. These are the most celebrated prehistoric caves known. Their paintings of bisons are to be found in every textbook, for they were the first to be discovered, by chance, in 1876 by Marcelino Santuola. At the time no scientific writer would believe the explorer's story

and still less that the caves were prehistoric. The Spanish scientist who discovered them spent his entire life trying to convince his colleagues of the existence of rock paintings by primitive man and died without seeing his theories accepted.

Covadonga. This is an ancient place of pilgrimage and, according to legend, it was here that Pelayo conquered the Arabs in a celebrated battle at the beginning of the eighth century. He died in 737. We have only to see the country to realize how little foundation there is for that tradition. Nevertheless all the Spanish historians up to our day have stated that this battle was the beginning of the reconquest of Spain, or the counter-offensive, which lasted no less than seven centuries. It is worth while to make the excursion as Covadonga is easy to reach, and we recommend it to you rather on account of the beauties of nature, especially the National Park, than for ancient monuments, of which there are no striking examples.

The Cámara Santa in Oviedo. You must not forget to visit the Cámara Santa which was built in the ninth and twelfth centuries and contains some very beautiful pieces of sculpture. The Cámara Santa was damaged during the Civil War but was restored later. Here you will see remarkable jewels of the ninth and twelfth centuries, and we recommend this shrine of art to the traveller, because works of that ancient period are not easy to find and a traveller not informed might neglect to visit the Cámara when he visits the cathedral.

The Visigothic Churches. Because it is rare to find examples we recommend you to visit the Church of Santa Maria de Naranco which dates from the beginning of the ninth century and reflects the general style and atmosphere of Visigothic

churches. It is built on the hill of Naranco, about an hour's journey from Oviedo. A little higher up the hill is the church of San Miguel de Lino, also of the ninth century, with primitive sculptured figures which recall Byzantine ivory carving, and show to what extent the influence of Byzantine art penetrated into the Peninsula.

The Galician Rías. If Santiago de Compostela will attract the traveller to Spain by the picturesqueness of its streets, the beauty of its monuments, some of them unmatched anywhere, and the historical atmosphere that emanates from those stones that have played such a great part in the history of the Middle Ages, he will also find his long journey to the west compensated by his discovery of the *rías* of Galicia. The *rías* are fjords where the sea penetrates deeply into the land (the bay of Vigo is about 16 miles in length), and instead of being surrounded by glaciers and the desolate landscape of the polar circle are, on the contrary, set in the midst of luxuriant vegetation. The finest are those of Marín and Villagarcia, where is situated the little town of Carril.

Tuy. It is after Santiago de Compostela one of the most picturesque small towns of Galicia. The town and cathedral rise like a fortified bastion, and the narrow streets descend to the ground level by a series of stone stairways. The rich vegetation and flowers, however, give it colour and grace.

THE MESETA

This is a land of violent contrasts because it combines the characteristics of a mountainous and Nordic vegetation with the wide sweep of the steppe and its distant horizon. We thus pass from a majestic arid land to oases of luxuriant vegetation, at the Aranjuez and especially at the Monasterio de Piedra.

The contrast the latter offers to the surrounding country is much more striking, for the monastery, today suppressed, is exactly half-way between Madrid and Saragossa, so that one may halt there for lunch. The road, however, crosses one of the most deserted regions in Spain, a high, rocky plateau over 2,700 feet in altitude, when suddenly we enter a veritable oasis with natural waterfalls and springs. In summer especially you would believe yourself transported to another country.

MADRID

We recommend you to see, among other things, the house of Lope de Vega, who is certainly one of the great men of whose private life we know most. He was the prototype of Don Juan and his numerous love affairs were notorious. So extraordinary was his reputation that one of his patrons, the Duke of Sessa, went in search of every piece of writing that came from his pen. In order to achieve his object he bribed the poet's own children and the latter pilfered them from their father. Moreover, the Duke adopted the same plan with the poet's mistresses, with the result that Lope de Vega's love letters passed from their hands into those of the Duke, who bound them up in numerous volumes. Although many have been lost, there still remain more than half a dozen of these volumes. Therefore, we know not only the intimate life of Lope de Vega, but also his manner of arranging his household affairs. When he died one of his daughters, who had taken the veil and who lived nearby in a convent, inherited the furniture of her father, and it was religiously preserved by the worthy sisters until our days. It was thus an easy task to reconstitute the house and restore the atmosphere of former days. Not only has the poet's garden, which is not bigger than a handkerchief, been replanted with flowers and rose trees which the poet loved, but you may even see a family of hooded pigeons

similar to those which had been presented to him and which he cherished with a touch of pride.

The Museum of Decorative Art. Madrid possesses delightful little museums. We single out this one and recommend the traveller to visit it, not only because of the wealth of the collections, but also because they are arranged with the exquisite taste for which its directress was so famed. The elegance of the furniture and artistic relics of the great epoch is enhanced by flowers and music that give atmosphere to the museum.

The Valencia Don Juan Museum. This is an individual foundation which was ceded to the State by the owner, Don Guillermo de Osuna, and is governed by a special committee. Here you will discover the finest collection known of ancient Spanish textiles, especially of the Middle Ages, and of Hispano-Moorish ceramics with metallic colours. It is interesting to note that there was from its foundation a spiritual link between this museum and the University of Oxford.

The Sorolla Museum. Spain through the genius of Goya gave, after the great classic epoch, a new direction to painting, but did not produce in the nineteenth century any artist of outstanding achievement. There are good paintings, however, and one may see in the Museum of Nineteenth Century Art some interesting pictures by Lucas, a painter obsessed by Goya, whose vogue continually grows, and by Rosales, Madrazo, Fortuny and others; but no great genius imposed his personality in Spain during those years. The artistic currents at the end of the century centred on Manet and the French Impressionist School. In fact, that movement had immediate repercussions in the Peninsula, for we find two big representative Spanish figures between 1890 and 1914, Regoyos

and especially Sorolla. Joaquin Sorolla, the Valencian painter, deserves your particular attention, for he is one of the few impressionists who has painted pictures of great proportions. Unfortunately, it is difficult to get to know his work, as most of it is in America, but in Madrid in his studio there is a large collection which his family bequeathed to the State.

The Naval and Army Museums. The Naval Museum contains enough wealth of exhibits to fill a building ten times bigger. The traveller may admire relics and documents of the Spanish Navy of the period of the great discoveries. There is a magnificent library and one of the finest collections of maps of the sixteenth century.

If you are not too pressed for time you should visit the neighbouring Army Museum, which is rich in ancient armour and weapons. As military tradition has always been a living one in this country, they have preserved the swords of all the great military leaders and even those of the vanquished, as for instance the dagger of Boabdil, the last King of Granada, and the Sword of State of the Catholic Kings. You may see one of the tents pitched and furnished as used by Charles V in his campaigns. This tent he used in his Tunisian Campaign.

The Galileo Statue. Do not think that he sculpted it. Nevertheless, it was thanks to him that it could be cast. The drawings of the statue were made by the great Spanish sculptor, Montañes. Now King Philip IV, who was an ambitious sportsman, liked to be represented on horseback galloping. Velazquez could satisfy this whim of His Majesty without any technical difficulty in his pictures, but when the Florentine Pietro Tacca, who had to cast the statue, received the drawings, he found himself in a quandary, for no sculptor in the world had ever managed to cast in metal a horse poised only

on his hind legs. As the mass of metal was out of balance the statue could not stand in such a pose. For this reason the ancient sculptors solved the difficulty by placing a support under the belly of the horse. But if that were done, the statue would not have the dramatic quality the King of Spain required. Pietro Tacca then went off to inform Galileo of his difficulties. The latter, after thinking over the problem, suggested the solution. First of all Tacca should make the statue in two pieces; the rear portion should be cast of massive metal, but giving the horse large proportions; the front piece should be of hollow metal. Once he had cast the two pieces in this way, all he had to do was to join them together, and the horse would then keep its aerial quality and look as if it was about to spring up to heaven. The statue by Montañes – Tacca is certainly one of the finest you will see. It is to be found in the open space at the entrance to the Royal Palace.

The Archaeological Museum. It is a very fine museum but there are never many visitors, probably because it is always in process of being reorganized. The American portion has been taken from it in order to constitute the American Museum which has been built in the Moncloa. Here you may see the Pre-Columbian collection and especially two magnificent books of the Mayas in hieroglyphic writing, which are extremely rare, for only half a dozen have been preserved in the museums of Europe and America.

The Punic collections of Pre-Roman Spain are rich in exhibits. There are very fine Phoenician jewels and a little statue of hieratic style, known by the title of 'The Lady of Ibiza'. The Iberian and medieval collections are very important: there are Visigothic jewels and crowns, later enamels, and especially the celebrated 'Christ of Saint Ferdinand' of the eleventh century, which alone is worth a visit to the

museum. Also do not fail to observe the Moorish-Andalusian objects of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, for the wooden and ivory coffers and caskets and the tiny square or cylindrical boxes of so early a date are very rare.

The museum also contains an important collection of ancient coins.

THE SURROUNDINGS OF MADRID

The Sierras. We recommend to motorists who love the mountains the excursions to the Sierra de Guadarrama and the Sierra de Gredos. The former excursion may be made by taking the pass of Navacerrada (5,760 ft.) on the road to Segovia. In winter the road is blocked by snow, and Navacerrada then becomes a small winter-sports centre, which may be reached by a funicular railway from Cercedilla. The electric train from Madrid will take you to Cercedilla in one and a half hours. When the road is open to traffic you may descend from Navacerrada to the Monastery of El Paular, which was converted into a charming tourist rest-house or *parador*, and proceed to Madrid by the Somosierra road.

In the Sierra de Gredos the scenery is even more impressive, but it is a longer journey. There is a very fine *parador* (at 5,120 ft.) opposite the peak Almanzor (8,515 ft.). The sierra is wooded and one may find every kind of vegetation from orange trees to beeches. Through the pass called Puerto del Pico you pass from Old to New Castile, and about six miles before reaching the summit you may observe the ancient Roman causeway which has remained in a perfect state, probably because of the quality of the stone. There are many picturesque spots in this region, such as the village of Candelaria where the inhabitants still wear their ancient costumes.

Alcalá de Henares. This is an attractive excursion and may

be made in an afternoon from Madrid. It is an interesting little town, the birthplace of Catherine of Aragon and Cervantes. Among other things you should visit the ancient university, which was in the sixteenth century one of the most important humanistic centres of the Western world. The great hall or *paraninfo* of the university and the façade of the main building are beautiful examples of the architecture of the period. The university was founded in 1508 by the celebrated Cardinal Ximenez de Cisneros, Archbishop of Toledo in the days of the Catholic Monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella.

The Chapel of Mosen Rubí at Avila. This was constructed in 1516 by Rubí de Bracamonte, and it is certainly one of the most ancient Masonic buildings in the world. It forms today part of a convent of nuns. On account of its internal construction in the form of a polygon, with its two columns at the entrance and its emblems and insignia carved on the stone escutcheons and painted on the window panes, the Spanish historians consider that this building was constructed by an association already performing Masonic rites.* The building, which is of pure Renaissance style, is remarkable in itself. What is surprising is that the Masonic emblems of the chapel of Mosen Rubí may also be found in other buildings in the city, including the cathedral, and it appears that they belonged to a family or a powerful association in Avila rather than to a guild of masons or stone-cutters of the Middle Ages, for nearly all of them are undeniably of the Renaissance period.

The Casita del Labrador at Aranjuez. Spain has the privilege of being able to show religious monuments and palaces in the

* For further details consult the *Encyclopedia Espasa*, Vol. 33, p. 741.

same atmosphere and conditions as when they were built and inhabited by their owners. The part of the Escorial where Philip II lived has been preserved with the same furniture, bed and other objects that belonged to him when he lived there. The same is true of the other castles of the Spanish Crown. It is thus the intimate character of the *Casita del Labrador* at Aranjuez which impresses us rather than the display of royal wealth. This little palace was built by Charles IV, but most of the furniture belonged to his wife, Marie-Louise, and she herself worked at the silk tapestries which were woven at Talavera. This charming little palace, which was simply a pleasure spot of the royal couple, gives us a good idea of the country's economy in the eighteenth century.

The Hospitals of Toledo. The celebrated Hospital de Santa Cruz is one of the most remarkable monuments of the Spanish Renaissance. It was converted into a library, but its proximity to the Alcazar caused it damage during the Civil War. The Hospital de Tavera, which is situated at the entry to the city on the Madrid road, has been lately restored with great taste and elegance by the Duchess of Lerma, and it has a simplicity which charms the eye and the spirit.

We shall now indicate places farther away from Madrid which the traveller may visit on his way to the south or on his way back to the Pyrenees.

ON THE ROAD TO THE NORTH AND SOUTH

The Museum of Polychrome Sculpture in Valladolid. This is the most important in Spain and the palace where it is lodged possesses one of the most beautiful *patios* one could see anywhere. The city of Valladolid has no very defined character, but as its communications are easy the traveller should spend some hours there. The motorist may turn aside from the

main road from Burgos to Madrid and visit both Valladolid and Avila. Or he may push on to Tordesillas and Salamanca. If he has time and is interested in literary memories, he should pay a rapid visit to the house in Valladolid where Cervantes lived, in the days when the First Part of *Don Quixote* was published (1605).

Simancas and Tordesillas. The motorist who has time may visit the castle of Simancas (6 miles) where the archives of Spain are kept. This institution was founded by Philip II. The traveller should continue his journey to Tordesillas (19 miles), a little town which played an important part in history, for it was here that the famous Treaty of Tordesillas was signed which created Brazil. There is a very fine convent of nuns, the royal monastery of Santa Clara, formerly a royal residence, which among other things possesses some very fine *patios* in Andalusian-Moorish style.

Salamanca. This is the great Renaissance city of Spain. The university quarter may be compared with the most beautiful cities in Europe. The city possesses one singular advantage: the golden-hued stone which glows under the intense light. Very rarely in the history of art has architecture reached such a degree of refinement and elegance. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the University of Salamanca, 'Mother of the Sciences', as she was called, was the most important centre of learning in the Western world. Salamanca was famed for her arithmetic, and thanks to the tables of longitude and latitude drawn up by scholars she was able to guide a great number of navigators, among others Christopher Columbus. In 1584 she took up the defence of Copernicus, at a moment when nobody outside Spain had dared to accept his revolutionary ideas.

The Abbey of Santo Domingo de Silos. This is one of the more important monuments of Romanesque art. The cloisters are of great beauty. The most ancient part dates from the eleventh century. The capitals were carved by Andalusian artists who reproduced oriental subjects, generally of Persian inspiration. These subjects have more or less been reproduced in later monuments, but one lesson we may learn from this, namely that the relations between Moslem and Christian Spain were close, and that no iron curtain divided these two conceptions of life from one another. For this reason the harmonious relations between the two cultures were so fruitful in results. Compare our present times. Can you imagine the monks today, when they ornament their monasteries, mixing the figures of Christian tradition with Communist emblems, or vice versa?

San Juan del Duero at Soria. Travelling from San Sebastian to Madrid you may take a secondary road instead of the traditional one through Vitoria and Burgos. It branches off at Villafranca in Guipúzcoa for Estella, Logroño and Soria by the pass of Piqueras (over 5,000 ft.), and eventually Madrid. There is another road through Pamplona, Tafalla and Soria. The first is to be recommended in summer but, though shorter, there are many hairpin bends crossing the Pyrenees and the Iberian mountain system.

Soria is a very interesting little town for lovers of the Romanesque, with beautiful churches and, above all, cloisters. Three are to be found here: in the Convent of the Templars, in the Colegiata, and in San Juan del Duero. Although the Convent of San Juan is in ruins you will be impressed by the eccentric style of the arches in the cloister – an incrustation of the Visigothic horseshoe arch on the Romanesque. This cloister, like that of the Colegiata, is twelfth century.

The Monastery of Guadalupe. There are two main routes from Madrid to Seville. One crosses La Mancha, the other Extremadura. The first has the advantage of passing through Cordoba, where the road forks for Granada and Malaga. The second takes you to Mérida, Cáceres and the monastery of Guadalupe. Motorists planning a tour of Southern Spain should therefore try to combine both itineraries.

The monasteries of Guadalupe and Montserrat (in Catalonia) were the two most famous in ancient Spain. Tucked away in the heart of the Toledo mountains, Guadalupe has a hostelry where travellers (including ladies) may spend the night. Immensely wealthy, the monastery possesses a Moz-arabic cloister and a number of pictures by Zurbarán which deserve particular attention. The cloister is a sort of symbiosis of Christian and Andalusian art, a surprising and majestic fusion. The monastery takes great pride in its splendid Zurbarán collection – a painter who is beginning to be regarded as one of the great masters but is poorly represented in the Prado, though two pictures, his 'Santa Casilda' and a wonderful *bodegón*, or still life, are among his great works. To appreciate Zurbarán you must visit Guadalupe and the Cadiz Museum. The excursion to the monastery may be made from Madrid by bus, with the wild, harsh, sierra landscape to add interest to the journey.

Cáceres. You should visit the old city (the upper part of the present town), for it was the nursery of some of the greatest American conquistadors. You will feel the spell of history as you wander through the streets, enjoying their obvious charm, for those stately palaces belonged in times past to the 'Indianos' who, after toiling in the Peruvian mountains, on the banks of the Amazon, or on the high plateau lands of Mexico, came back to dazzle the stay-at-home citizens with their new-found wealth.

Mérida. Built on the ruins of the ancient splendours of Emerita Augusta, it contains one of the finest Roman theatres that have survived to our own day.

ANDALUSIA

The traditional, and indeed most practical, route for the motorist visiting Andalusia is from Madrid to Granada through Bailen, then on to Malaga and along the coast as far as Cadiz, returning through Seville and Cordoba. We recommend a slight variation, namely that you should go direct from Madrid by way of La Mancha and Bailen to Cordoba and then, retracing the short distance to Bailen, from there to Granada, etc. In this way you may return from Seville by the Extremadura road to the north without missing Cordoba.

All Andalusia is a museum and there are innumerable picturesque scenes. The traveller who is not pressed for time has only to stroll through the little villages or larger towns to make plenty of discoveries for himself. Nature here shows at her most majestic; there are some wonderful landscapes. For instance, between Algeciras and Cadiz the road (do not in this case take the inland road through Jerez and Seville) follows, longitudinally, the Straits of Gibraltar and rises to close upon 1,800 feet above sea level. The panorama is unique; for this, so far as we know, is the only place in the world from which the traveller can see two continents and two oceans. The Straits are not more than eight miles wide at their narrowest point, and the mountains of Africa, Ceuta and Tangiers can easily be seen. There are other magnificent panoramas on the coast road between Almería and Malaga which passes beneath the foot of the highest mountain chain in Spain. The peaks, more than 10,000 feet in height, are snow-covered, but tropical plants are cultivated on the slopes, the most important being the sugar cane. The finest

view is from the castle of Salobreña, near Motril. The Sierra of Ronda is also most impressive, and we recommend a visit to the Torcal d'Antequera, a labyrinth carved into fantastic shapes by erosion.

Baeza and Ubeda. The traveller who is not a slave to his time-table may push on about 18 miles from Bailen and visit these two little towns, which have several very beautiful monuments and old palaces, mainly of the Renaissance period. At Ubeda one of these palaces has been converted into a picturesque *parador* by the Spanish Tourist Association.

Ecija and Carmona. Motorists usually skirt these two attractive towns but would do better to spend a quarter-of-an hour driving round their streets and principal squares. On the road from Madrid Ecija, with its cluster of towers, is first seen from a hill dominating the town. Its squares, streets and old houses are charming. So too is the great square at Carmona, with a vast Moorish castle looming over it. Carmona must have been an important place in antiquity; outside the town on the Seville road there is a Roman necropolis which will interest archaeologists.

Seville. However pressed for time, the tourist must not forget to take an evening walk through the picturesque quarter of Santa Cruz, and he should linger for a while in the gardens of the Alcazar, not in the modern part but in the little *patios* with their coloured tiles, plants and flowers. They are perhaps the oldest gardens in existence, at least in the Western World, and have been tended uninterruptedly since the twelfth century.

If he has time the traveller should pay a brief visit to the Casa Lonja, which houses the archives of the Indies containing

the entire history of America from its discovery down to the nineteenth century. This palace and that of San Telmo, which was constructed later, constituted a strange university which was half-scientific and half-mercantile. Here there was a stock exchange of merchandise, and this was the central office when expeditions were organized. Maps were made of new countries and tables of longitude and latitude worked out, and budding navigators were given their training. The traveller who likes short excursions may visit Santiponce, the ruins of Italica and the charming little town of Alcalá de Guadaira.

The Columbine Library. Lovers of books and those who are interested in American history should visit this library. It is situated in part of the Cathedral which looks out on the patio of the orange trees. It was founded by Fernando, the son of Christopher Columbus, who was a book-lover, and had gathered for his own pleasure a collection of 5,000 volumes, naturally of great importance in the subjects connected with the discovery of America. The library also contains several books which belonged to Christopher Columbus himself, among which are the tables of the astronomer Zacuto of Salamanca, which served him in his first voyage.

La Rábida, near Huelva. This is the monastery where Columbus lived before embarking at the neighbouring Palos de Moguer on his voyage to discover America. The prior of the monastery, Juan Perez de Marchena, when he learnt of the projects of the explorer, supported efficaciously his demands at the Court of the Catholic Monarchs. Such historical places are full of charm. The inquisitive traveller should visit Río Tinto and see the deepest cavity in the world that has ever been hollowed out by human enterprise. It is 1,100 yards long and 2,500 feet deep.

Niebla. This little town, which is situated between Seville and Huelva, may easily be visited by the traveller who decides to go to La Rábida or to catch a glimpse of the mines of Río Tinto. It is very characteristic with its towers and crumbling walls. According to tradition, the inhabitants of the town when besieged by Alfonso decided to send him as a present an ox fattened up to an enormous size so that he might think they had a surplus of food and it was useless to continue the siege. But, like all learned men, Alfonso was a sceptic. He contented himself with eating the ox, and soon afterwards the town surrendered. The inhabitants had made a useless sacrifice.

The Museum of Cadiz. It is famous for its paintings by Zurbarán, whose monks' heads are truly impressive. Certain critics are fascinated by this painter, comparatively little known abroad, and consider him one of the greatest masters that Spain has produced. Cadiz was founded by the Phoenicians, and the archaeological section of the museum contains a fair collection of oriental jewellery, brought to light as a result of excavations, and an imposing sarcophagus of about the fifth century B.C., Graeco-Phoenician in style. In the *Hospital de Mujeres*, which you may visit, there is one of the most beautiful of El Greco's pictures, a Saint Francis in ecstasy. You should walk round the ramparts of Cadiz and their very beautiful gardens, and architects should not miss the striking elliptical arch in the cathedral, a masterpiece of building. You should also visit the surroundings of Cadiz, especially the little town of Arcos with its medieval castle.

Ronda. The traveller who is not too pressed for time would do well to visit this little town, one of the most picturesque

to be seen anywhere. If he is travelling by rail he will be able to stop there for a few hours between trains. If he is travelling by car he may cross the Sierra de Ronda by taking the road to Malaga. He will then become acquainted with one of the wildest regions in Spain, and one that produces a cedar unknown to Europe called the *pinsapo*.

Granada. The only advice we can give to travellers here is to stop one or two days in a *parador* or hotel in the Alhambra, and to go down as little as possible to the town, in order that they may gradually absorb the magic of this unforgettable place. Now that the *Turismo* has transformed the little Franciscan monastery, where Isabel the Catholic and Ferdinand were buried before the Cathedral was built, into a *parador*, the sensitive traveller who loves history may dream to his heart's content, for its garden is a riot of sweet-smelling flowers and fragrant shrubs. Fine excursions may be made to the surrounding villages of the Vega of Granada, and mountaineers may drive practically to the summit of the Veleta (10,560 ft.) in their cars. There are several roads to Malaga, but the longest is the most interesting, for it crosses the Sierra Nevada and comes out at Motril.

THE MEDITERRANEAN COAST

If you wish to enjoy the effect of contrast and become acquainted with the different types in Spain you should travel up through Andalusia towards France, following the Mediterranean coast. But this is only possible for people who have plenty of time at their disposal. The road is long and full of turns. The speediest way to reach the Pyrenees is to pass through Madrid. Whatever you do, never travel by the little railways that link up the towns on the Levantine coast. It is more practical (and this advice applies also to travellers in

Andalusia) to travel by bus. What strikes the traveller in this region of Spain is the work done in irrigation. In this way we pass surprisingly from an extremely rich region in agriculture to one that is poor and like a sub-desert in character. Rain only falls occasionally. The most impressive sights in this region are the forest of palm trees at Elche, the Rock of Ifach, and in general the coastline. Near Valencia the most interesting little towns are Játiva, Denia, Gandia and Sagunto. On his way to the North, the traveller should take a glimpse at the rocky peninsula of Peñiscola where the Anti-Pope, Benedict XIII, took refuge.

Salzillo at Murcia. His name is one that the traveller should not forget, if he is fortunate enough to visit Murcia. Francisco Salzillo (1707–1783) was one of the greatest sculptors of Spain, and his works are disseminated in Murcia and the surrounding towns. We recommend you to visit the *Ermita de Jesús* in Murcia, where the *pasos* are displayed that are carried through the streets during the processions of Holy Week. We advise you also to make an excursion to the monastery of San Jeronimo de la Ñora, which was so called because of a celebrated and enormous wooden wheel which existed in Mohammedan times, and which still raises waters from the stream of Aljufia to irrigate the gardens and orchards of the neighbourhood. In the church you may admire the masterpiece of Salzillo, a Saint Jerome bearing the date 1755.

Valencia. A very big city (the third largest in Spain), with fine modern quarters merging into little streets lined with old palaces, notable for their fine staircases. The tourist should not forget to see the Lonja de Seda, once the silk exchange, built in the fifteenth century and a miracle of grace and beauty. Opposite it is the church of San Juan del Mercado,

famous for its frescoes by Antonio Palomino (1655–1726), an artist little known outside Spain but there the subject of much controversy. Some call him the Spanish Michelangelo, others consider him a clever painter of frescoes who allowed a craze for ornamentation to dominate his work. The curious student will at any rate be struck by these immense frescoes, and if he likes them he may like others that Palomino painted for the Capilla de los Desamparados, a little chapel adjoining the Cathedral. But critics agree that the frescoes in the Convent of San Estaban at Salamanca are his masterpiece. Bibliophiles should see the magnificent collection in the University library of fourteenth and fifteenth-century Italian manuscripts brought from Sicily by Alfonso the Conqueror. Lovers of legend and romance will be fascinated by the Holy Grail preserved in a chapel of the Cathedral and transferred here from the monastery of San Juan de la Peña in 1428. According to the legend this chalice was used by Jesus at the Last Supper, and was brought to Huesca by St. Laurence in the reign of Valentinian. The story had great importance in the Middle Ages, especially among the poets of the German cycle.

We advise the gourmet to go to Albufera, which is quite close, to eat a *paella* (the classic rice dish of Valencia). If he takes a gun he may get some wild duck, for the lake at Albufera is a sportsman's paradise.

Sagunto and Porta-Coeli. At Sagunto, 15 miles from Valencia on the road to Barcelona, the Roman theatre and the Castle, with a wonderful view, are best worth seeing. This fortress resisted Hannibal. At the end of their resources the inhabitants, rather than surrender to the dreaded Carthaginians, converted their town into a funeral pyre, into which they hurled themselves, men, women and children. The

Carthusian monastery at Porta-Coeli is one of the finest in Spain and though, like others – Jerez, for example – it has lost much of its former wealth, it deserves a visit.

Barcelona. Get to know the old town, a maze of narrow streets that recall the ancient days. If pressed for time, be content with a glimpse of the Cathedral, very fine but a little sombre, but do not miss the Audiencia, quite close, a fine fifteenth-century palace, half Gothic, half Renaissance in style. Above all, go to Montjuich where a huge palace, built for the Exhibition of 1928, houses one of the most remarkable museums in the world. Catalonia is one of the Pyrenean regions that contains the earliest examples (eighth and ninth-century) of Romanesque art. With the exception of the great classical buildings described in all the guide books – such as the monastery of Noria, almost on the frontier, the churches of Gerona (especially San Pedro Callegans), and the monastery of Santa Maria de Ripole with its wonderful cloister – the oldest examples of Romanesque art were scattered here and there in the heart of the Pyrenees, in little hermitages lost in remote valleys. Their very isolation perhaps helped to preserve them; but though the stones stood the primitive paintings were in danger of perishing. And so when the 1928 Exhibition came to an end and the huge palace was empty, certain well-known citizens of Barcelona planned to turn it into the Museum of Romanesque Art in Catalonia. About thirty apses from the little hermitages were removed and reconstructed with their pictures, which have been restored by a modern process.

Montserrat. This famous monastery is possibly the oldest in Spain, but let the traveller be under no illusion; of the wealth and splendour of the past scarcely anything remains except

Gregorian chant, which the Benedictine Fathers preserve in all its purity. The monastery has been much restored and not always wisely. Nevertheless, you should go there, for nature does not change, and the mountain Montserrat shows nature in one of her extravagantly capricious moods.

Tarragona. This was the most important city of the Peninsula in Roman times and may have held a million inhabitants, for its walls have a circumference of 40 miles. The present city is built, like Merida, from the ruins of past splendour, and the port from the stones of the theatre, which could seat 8,000 people. The Cathedral is worthy of notice. Here in idyllic surroundings the traveller may enjoy the spectacle of civilisations piled one on top of another, and the archaeologist may meditate agreeably on the ruins of one of the fairest cities of the Roman Empire.

Monasteries of Poblet and Santa Creus. Formerly rivals and immensely wealthy, these monasteries were sacked and pillaged in the nineteenth century. Poblet was renowned for its library of many thousands of books, all bound in red morocco leather with the arms of the monastery. Its chief task was to preserve the tombs of the kings of Aragon, which were mutilated in the disturbances of the nineteenth century but have since been faultlessly restored. When the monastery has been completely repaired travellers will find that the praises lavished on its beauty were in no way exaggerated. The monastery of Santa Creus is still, in spite of the desecration it has suffered, one of the most beautiful examples of the pointed, or ogival, style in Spain. Its Romanesque and Gothic cloisters are very fine. The two monasteries are near enough to each other to be visited easily, by car or by train from Tarragona, or even from Barcelona.

The Costa Brava. The part of the coast between Rosas and the frontier is fittingly so named, for the Pyrenees fall abruptly to the sea. The creeks and little beaches are very picturesque and recently this stretch of the Catalan coast has become fashionable. The numerous foreigners who go there in summer are attracted as much by its climate as its beauty, for it is possible to spend practically an entire holiday in natural bathing pools apparently fashioned to suit every individual taste.

ARAGON

Aragon, the ochre land *par excellence*, was densely populated in Roman times, but today, owing to drought, it is one of the most arid parts of Spain. A great irrigation scheme has recently been started by damming the waters from the Upper Pyrenees which fall into the Ebro, the biggest river of the Peninsula, to which it has given its name. There are many attractive small towns in this region, such as Albarracin, near Teruel, but the main interest for the motorist lies in the Pyrenees and the various passes he has to cross in order to reach or leave Spain. The highest passes are, of course, open only in summer, but the Val d'Aran can be crossed all the year round, thanks to a long road tunnel near Viella which must be one of the biggest engineering achievements of its kind in Europe. The traveller who crosses the Pyrenees by the Canfranc road may, when he reaches Jaca, make a short detour of 17 miles, instead of continuing to Pamplona, and visit the famous monastery of San Juan de la Peña. It was here that the Holy Grail was preserved during the Middle Ages. The setting is magnificent and it is easy to understand why this wild, stern spot, hidden in earlier days in a maze of mountains, fostered the legend and inspired the romantic poetry of the German minstrels.

GLOSSARY

Aficionados	Connoisseurs
Albergue	Hotel
Alguaciles	Constables
Al quiebro	Broken (bullfighting)
Amigo	Friend
Andador	Platform
Angulas	Eel fry
Arrieros	Muleteers
Arroz	Rice
Baile	Dance
Banderillas	Darts (bullfighting)
Bocado	Morsel
Boinas	Berets
Bolero	Brisk dance in three-four time
Calamares	Squids
Calle	Street
Callos	Tripe
Cantina	Station bar
Cocido	Stew
Comida	Meal
Copita	Small glass
Copla	Folk poem
Corrida	Bullfight
Chiflado	Mad
Chistera	Basket contraption for pelota
Chorizo	Sausage
Descabello	Killing
Duro	Dollar (5 pesetas)
Educacion	Breeding
Encierro	Shutting in
Eranos	Picnic meal to which each contributes his share (Gk)
Faena	Job
Feria	Fair
Flamenco	Gypsified, lively
Fonda	Inn
Frontón	Pelota court

Gazpacho	Cold soup
Gracia	Charm
Guardia de fincas	Rural guard
Hondo	Deep
Jota	National poem and dance of Aragon
Leyenda negra	Erroneous foreign interpretation of Spanish history
Matar	To kill
Matador	Bullfighter who kills the bull
Meseta	Plateau
Muleta	Red cloth the bullfighter holds in front of the bull, the lure
Nada	Nothing
Naturales	Passes made by the bullfighter with the *muleta*
Paella	Valencian rice dish
Parador	Inn
Paraninfo	University hall
Pasodoble	Spanish two-step march
Pasos	Statues carried in procession
Patio	Courtyard
Peligro	Danger
Pelota	Basque ball game
Pilpil	Braised
Porron	Glass vessel for wine
Posada	Inn
Pote	Hot-pot
Saeta	Arrow of song
Seguidilla	Old Castilian dance and folk-poem
Sevillanas	Dance of Seville
Tapas	Titbits eaten with wine
Tertulia	Reunion
Torero	Bullfighter
Tren mixto	Mixed train (passengers and cattle)
Venta	Inn
Vieiras	Cockle shells of Galicia
Vuelta	Stalemate (pelota)

A SHORT TRAVELLER'S LIBRARY

HISTORY AND GENERAL

W. C. Atkinson, *A Brief History of Spain*, London, 1934.
R. Menendez Pidal, *The Spaniards and Their History* (translated by Walter Starkie), London, 1950.

THE SPIRIT OF SPAIN

S. de Madariaga, *Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards*, Oxford, 1928.
Havelock Ellis, *The Soul of Spain*, London, 1908.
Waldo Frank, *Virgin Spain*, London, 1926.

CLASSICS OF TRAVEL

George Borrow, *The Bible in Spain*, London, 1843.
Richard Ford, *Gatherings from Spain*, London, 1846.

ADVENTUROUS TRAVEL

Walter Starkie, *Spanish Raggle-Taggle* (Adventures with a fiddle in North Spain), London, 1934.
Walter Starkie, *Don Gypsy* (Adventures with a fiddle in Barbary, Andalusia and La Mancha), London, 1936.

MODERN TRAVEL

Sacheverell Sitwell, *Spain*, London, 1950.
Cedric Salter, *Introducing Spain*, London, 1953.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS

John Marks, *To the Bullfight* (A guide to the Spanish national pastime), London, 1952.
Eingenio d'Oro, *Tres Horas en re Museo del Prado*, 5th ed., Madrid, 1940.
H. Warner Allen, *Sherry*, London, 1933.
Bernard Bevan, *History of Spanish Architecture*, London, 1938.
Luis Pericot García, *La Espana Primitiva*, Barcelona, 1950.
J. B. Trend, *Spain from the South*, London, 1928.
Rodney Gallop, *A Book of the Basques*, London, 1950.
Audrey Bell, *Galicia*, London, 1922.
Langdon Davies, *Gatherings from Catalonia*, London, 1952.

Basque Provinces
1. Vizcaya
2. Guipuzcoa
3. Alava
SPAIN AND PORTUGAL
Scale
50 0 50 100 150 Miles
50 0 50 100 150 200 250 Km.
Projection: Bonne
Railways
Canals
Shipping Routes (Distances in Nautical Miles)
6290 Heights in feet
FRANCE
PORTUGAL
SPAIN
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
BALEARIC ISLANDS
Gulf of Lions
Gulf of Cadiz
Strait of Gibraltar
MADRID
BARCELONA
LISBON
VALENCIA
SEVILLE
CORDOBA
GRANADA
MALAGA
MURCIA
CARTAGENA
ZARAGOZA
Majorca
Menorca
Ibiza
Formentera
Gibraltar (Br.)
Tangier
Ceuta
Tetuan
Oran
C. Falcon
C. Ferrat
Marseilles
Nimes
Arles
Toulouse
Perpignan
Barcelona
Tarragona
Valencia
Alicante
Cartagena
Murcia
Malaga
Cadiz
Seville
Cordoba
Granada
Lisbon
Oporto
Coimbra
Salamanca
Valladolid
Burgos
Bilbao
San Sebastian
Pamplona
Zaragoza
Madrid
Toledo
Ciudad Real
Albacete
Alicante
Elche
Orihuela
Lorca
Almeria
Jaen
Badajoz
Evora
Faro
Huelva
Jerez
Algeciras
La Linea
Ronda
Antequera
Linares
Ubeda
Aranjuez
Cuenca
Teruel
Castellon de la Plana
Tortosa
Lerida
Huesca
Logrono
Vitoria
Santander
Oviedo
Gijon
Leon
Zamora
Salamanca
Caceres
Merida
Ciudad Rodrigo
Guarda
Viseu
Aveiro
Braga
Vigo
Pontevedra
Santiago
La Coruna
Ferrol
Lugo
Orense
Chaves
Vila Real
Bragança
Portalegre
Setubal
Sagres
C. St. Vincent
C. Finisterre
Gibraltar to Algiers 421
Gibraltar to Malta 991
Gibraltar to Naples 976
New York to Gib. 3206
Lisbon to Gib. 303
Bordeaux 408
Marseilles to Gib. 1143
London 1035
Gibraltar to Marseilles 695
Gibraltar to Genoa 863
Gibraltar to Malta 680
Malta to Alexandria 1111